

New Football Wrinkles From Conquering Japan!

GOOD STORIES

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

• OF •

YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1905 by Frank Tousey, 24 Union Square, New York.

No. 11.

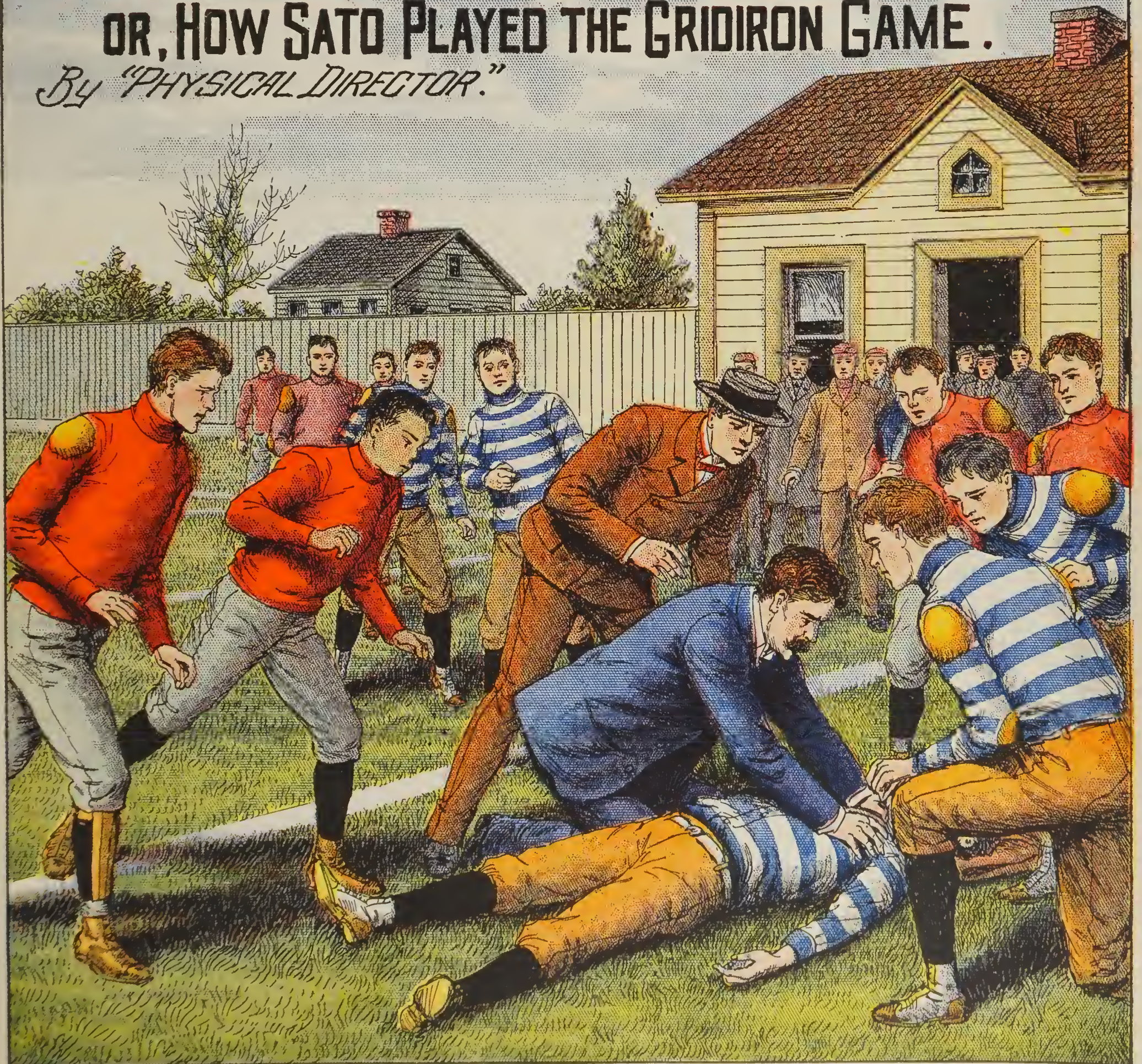
NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1905.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY'S JAP ALLY;

OR, HOW SATO PLAYED THE GRIDIRON GAME.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR."



"It's a heart knock-out! I'm afraid the lad's done for," said Dr. Allen, gravely. "Not a bit of it!" rang Frank's voice. "Sato will show you the Japanese way to save a life."

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CHAPTER I.

INOW SATO WINS A FLYING FALL.

"It seems to me that I have struck town just at the right time to do a lot of business," said Mr. Jeremiah Crabbe, with an air of great satisfaction.

"You certainly have," agreed the hotel clerk promptly.

It is part of a hotel clerk's business to agree with the views of the patrons whose trade is worth having.

"I shall want one of the best rooms in the house, of course," went on Mr. Crabbe.

"Fortunately, you can have it just now," replied the clerk.

"And I shall want some kind of a room suitable for showing my goods. It wants to be a good-sized room, which I can fit up to look something like a gymnasium."

"How would our summer dining-room do?" suggested the clerk.

"Just the ticket, I imagine. Let me look at it."

A bellboy took Jeremiah to the room in question. He—Jeremiah—came back with a satisfied look.

"That will do," he announced. "Be good enough to have it cleared up right away, and I will go down to the depot and see about hustling my goods up here."

Crabbe went off, rubbing his hands in silent glee.

"A great time to be here," he observed to himself. "A great time for Jeremiah C.!"

And so it would seem, for Mr. Crabbe was a traveling salesman and demonstrator of gymnastic and athletic goods.

He had arrived in Woodstock, knowing that the Woodstock Junior Athletic Club was soon to go into its new gymnasium and would probably want a lot of apparatus.

Certainly the Woodstock Juniors were lucky; yet they deserved to be.

Many weeks before the boys of the club had responded to an alarm, and had found a tank car of coal oil afire on a sidetrack near the railway station.

Not only that, but a box car attached to the tank car contained a shipment of dynamite.

It was due to some unexplained carelessness that two such cars had been linked together and left on a sidetrack that was almost in the heart of the business part of the town.

But the boys had manfully tackled the task, and, by sheer grit and enduring muscle, they had pushed the cars so far apart that when the explosion came no harm was done.

The business men of the town had promptly clubbed to-

gether and bought for the club the site on which stood the old boat-building shop which had served as the first gymnasium for the youngsters.

Right on the top of this came the representative of the railroad, which had been saved a fortune in damages by the act of the young athletes.

The railroad had undertaken to tear down the old shed and to erect in its place a handsome gray stone gymnasium building, equipped with locker and dressing rooms, baths, a gallery running track, and all the modern improvements of a first-class little gym.

That building was almost finished now, and certainly it was one of the architectural features of the town.

There was a suspicion that the railroad might buy a lot of fine apparatus with which to equip the gym, but no one except the railroad people knew whether this was true.

Mr. Jeremiah Crabbe, however, had gained much more good news.

He had learned that the Girls' Club of Woodstock, composed of young lady friends of the Woodstock Juniors, had rented a hall to be used as a winter gym.

At the head of the club were Miss Kitty Dunstan and Miss Fannie Jackson, only daughters of the two richest men in Woodstock.

"Certainly such a club of young women will want a lot of goods in my line," mused Mr. Crabbe. "And it's such a pleasure to sell to a club of young women. They never know what they want. When they have money enough they buy everything, so as to be sure that they haven't overlooked anything."

Right on top of this came the wonderfully good news that the wealthier citizens of the town, realizing that more strength and health were needed by the smaller boys and girls, had rented another hall as a gym for the little shavers.

"Delightful!" chuckled the pleased Jeremiah. "Now, if the business men, the mothers and the old maids organize gymnastic clubs, I could sell goods enough to cover the whole town."

So it was little wonder that Mr. Crabbe whistled as he directed the setting-up of the apparatus in the hotel's summer dining-room.

Mr. Crabbe was one of those men who go in for athletics solely for "the money there is in the game."

He was a rather tall and broad-shouldered man of thirty, with an abundance of sandy hair and a huge mustache of the same color.

He had muscle in abundance. Great lumps of it stood out in every possible place all over his body.

He had been working hard for this muscle for at least a dozen years. He had done all the heaviest kinds of work, and now he was just beginning to realize that he was becoming muscle-bound.

"I'll have everything in running order in another half hour. And then to the captain of this kid club I can show some things that will make him open his eyes."

As he turned from directing his two workmen Jeremiah

caught sight of a diminutive Jap standing in the doorway.

It was Inow Sato, the Japanese student and member of the Woodstock Juniors; but Jeremiah had never heard of him.

Many hotels employ Japanese as bellboys and the like, and Crabbe took Sato to be such an employe of the hotel.

"You have a lot of fine looking things here," observed Sato, pleasantly.

"Yep," answered Mr. Crabbe, indifferently. "What was the use of wasting time on this Jap servant?"

"How do you use these things?" asked Sato, smiling.

"Oh, any old way," replied Jeremiah.

"I am interested in such things," went on the Jap, amiably.

"You ought to be more interested," snapped Jeremiah, looking half contemptuously at what he considered the Jap's puny body. "Then maybe you'd grow."

Inow Sato merely smiled again at this pointed allusion to his size.

He was so used to being considered small that he no longer resented it.

"How do you use that?" asked the Jap, pointing to the weight-lifting machine.

The machine was so adjusted that one, by means of handles and pulley ropes, could lift to a height of six feet a weight that could be adjusted at anywhere from ten to two hundred pounds.

"Oh, that would break your back," said Jeremiah, indulgently.

"How you use it?" insisted the Jap.

"Well, I'll show you," responded Mr. Crabbe.

He adjusted the weight at a hundred pounds. Then, using both pulley and ropes, he lifted the weight the six feet.

"Wish you could do that?" inquired the salesman.

"Maybe I could," replied the Jap.

"You? G'wan!"

Sato, however, took the handles, tautened the pulley ropes, and then, without effort, forced the weight up.

"Two hundred just as easy," laughed Sato softly.

"Gwan!"

"Fix it, then!"

Jeremiah quickly adjusted the weight, while Sato retained his hold on the handles.

By a barely perceptible effort Sato raised the two hundred pounds.

The machine was so constructed as to give the gymnast no possible advantage, but to make the performance purely hard work.

"Can you do it?" challenged Sato, offering the handles.

"Yep," said Jeremiah confidently. After getting the weight up about a foot and a half, however, he was compelled to let it back to the floor.

"You are not very strong, then?" smiled Sato, sympathetically.

"What's that?" bellowed Jeremiah, taking instant offence.

"You work too much with such things," observed Sato

quietly. "That is no good. That is not way to get strong. Such things as that machine do not make real athlete."

"A blooming lot you know about it," growled Jeremiah.

Sato saw that he was humiliated and angry, so he resolved not to bother the salesman any more.

Smiling politely, then turning, the Jap walked out into the yard.

But things rankled with Jeremiah. He tried to give his attention to what the workmen were doing, but found that he could not.

Catching sight of Sato in the yard, Jeremiah suddenly uttered an oath and stepped outside.

"What are you hanging around here for?" demanded Crabbe, gruffly.

"Waiting for some friends," explained Sato.

"You've got no business here."

"I think I have."

"Shut up!"

"What's that?" demanded Sato, his eyes flashing.

"Oh, g'wan! I don't take lip from a Chinaman!"

To call a Japanese a Chinaman is often a sure way of starting trouble.

"You mustn't say that," warned Sato.

"I'll throw you out of here, that's what I'll do!" fumed the big fellow.

Foolish Jeremiah!

He reached forward for the Jap, but Inow stood his ground.

Then the big fellow knew no better than to close in and clinch.

Like a flash Sato went down on the ground on his back.

That was not all that happened, though.

There came a yell of tremendous amazement from Jeremiah.

For he found himself flying through the air, turning a somersault over the little Jap.

Mr. Crabbe hit the earth on his back five or six feet beyond Sato, who had quickly risen and now stood smiling quietly at his persecutor.

From the street there came a booming yell of approval.

"Bully boy, Sato!"

"Oh, do it again, please! I didn't see you!"

With a whoop a squad of active youngsters charged down upon the scene.

CHAPTER II.

HOW SATO DID IT.

More than half dazed by the suddenness of his fall, Jeremiah sat up, blinking stupidly around him.

"I am very sorry if I have annoyed you," said Sato, making a little bow.

"Has any one seen a Mr. Crabbe?" asked one who appeared to be the leader of the newcomers.

"That's me!" admitted Jeremiah, with a fine contempt for grammar.

"Oh, I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Crabbe. I am Frank Manley, captain of the Woodstock Juniors."

"Glad to know you," greeted Crabbe, extending a hand rather sheepishly. "I hear you're a good deal of an athlete—that all of you fellows are," Jeremiah made haste to add.

"Oh, just about the same as all schoolboy athletes," replied Manley, modestly. "I see you've been taking lessons in jiu-jitsu."

"Jew—what?" demanded the stranger.

"Jiu-jitsu, the Japanese art of self-defence. Mr. Sato, here, is our instructor. I am glad to see that he showed you the trick gently. Sometimes he handles us in much more strenuous fashion."

"Is this—this Japanese gentleman one of your instructors?" asked Jeremiah.

"Oh, yes—instructor and fellow member. He's one of our best athletes, and he advises in the athletic affairs of the club. I see you have got acquainted already."

Mr. Crabbe felt that he was in a very bad plight indeed. He had deliberately offended one of the advisers of the club to which he had hoped to sell goods.

Poor Jeremiah's face was a study as he turned hesitatingly to the little brown fellow, held out a hand doubtfully, and mumbled:

"No offense, I hope, Mr. Sato?"

"Oh, none at all," smiled the little Jap, as he gave his own hand.

"Come inside, won't you, gentlemen—all of you?" invited Jeremiah, anxious to get over the awkward phase of the situation as quickly as possible.

They followed him inside, these youngsters of the Woodstock Juniors. They had come down at the close of the afternoon session of school, while the greater number of the members had gone directly to the club's athletic field for football practice under Joe Prescott, second lieutenant of the club.

"Why, it's nearly all heavy-work apparatus!" commented Frank, in a voice showing some disappointment.

"Just what a husky lot of boys like you want," announced Mr. Crabbe, confidently.

"I am afraid we don't agree with you," replied Frank, slowly.

"Why, see here, Captain Manley, you young fellows look like a lot of real athletes. You don't want a lot of bean-bags, rolling hoops, tops and marbles?"

"We don't want that heavy stuff, either, I'm sorry to say," replied Frank.

"Oh, I'll explain it to you so that you will want it," asserted Jeremiah.

"I might as well save your time," declared Frank. "Our club is firmly opposed to heavy-weight machines and the like. We don't use anything that is likely to put a strain on any of the fellows."

"Then what did you want?" asked Mr. Crabbe.

"Flying rings, trapezes, wrestling mats, basket foils, punching-bags, lung-testers, basketball outfits, hand balls and medicine balls."

"Those are fine things for—girls!" retorted Mr. Crabbe, with fine scorn.

"That's right," nodded Manley. "They are good for girls—good for women, children, grown men—everybody."

"But you young fellows, who are almost old enough to go to college, don't want such truck."

"It's what we want," retorted Manley. "Of course, if you haven't got it——"

"Oh, I've got it down at the freight house," replied Mr. Crabbe. "But I didn't expect to sell that sort of stuff to you."

"It's in our line," replied Frank. "When can you show it to us?"

"Not before to-morrow, I'm afraid."

"Then we will come again to-morrow afternoon, if that will be convenient," suggested Frank.

"All right," agreed Mr. Crabbe, reluctantly. "I hope to do some business with a girls' club here and with a new free gym for small kids."

"Then we'll be right in your line," smiled Frank. "We are to be the advisers for the girls' club and also for the free gym for children; and we're to furnish the instructors, too."

"Oh, in that case"—Jeremiah's grin broadened very agreeably—"I'll have a fine outlay of the kind of goods you want to-morrow."

Frank and the other Up and At 'Em Boys, Sato included, took their leave pleasantly.

Soon after Jeremiah hied himself to the hotel clerk.

"This fellow Manley seems to have a good deal to say about athletics around here," suggested the salesman.

"Rather," replied the clerk, meaningly. "Manley is the leading athlete of the place, and the leading boy of the town. He is a good deal more famous than the town is, and he's the head and center of everything in your line hereabouts. His boys are no slow-coaches, either. They've wiped the ground up with the Colchester Preps and the grown-up club from Alton at both baseball and football."

"The deuce they have!" ejaculated Jeremiah. "Then I shall have to get close on the trail of Frank Manley."

"You certainly ought to," nodded the clerk.

Then Jeremiah hired a horse and buggy and set out for Bradford, to see what business he could do with Tod Owen's club, the rivals of the Woodstocks.

In the meantime, at the Woodstock's club grounds, Sato had been coaxed into telling what had taken place between himself and Crabbe.

"That flying fall over the head is one of the great tricks in jiu-jitsu, isn't it?" asked Dick Foster, one of the new, probationary members.

"Yes," nodded the Jap. "It is very useful sometimes."

"Won't you show us newer fellows how it's done?" begged Dick.

"Why, certainly. Shall I show by throwing you?" queried the Jap.

"I'm game," laughed Dick.

"Well, then," replied Inow, facing his antagonist, "you just reach up with both hands and grab hold of other fellow's coat lapels. Now, as you grab his lapels, take your

right foot—that is, place your right foot against the upper part of his left leg, just below his thigh. That is, step with your right foot against upper part of his left leg. You do this at same time that you grab enemy's coat lapels. You understand?"

Sato had illustrated what he said by seizing Dick's lapels and bringing his own right foot into position against Dick's upper left leg.

"I understand," nodded Dick.

"Now, just as soon as you get his lapels and put your foot against him, make one hop and get up close to enemy. So! Understand?"

"Yes."

"Now you throw yourself over on your back and drag enemy with you. But, just as you start to fall, you straighten your right leg out all you can. The trick sends enemy flying over your head, and he lands on his own back beyond you. Before he has got over surprise you jump to your feet and are ready for him again. Now! I will fall over backward, and we shall see!"

Sato threw himself backward, dragging Dick with him. The Jap used his right leg as a lever, and Foster turned a somersault and landed on his back just as Jeremiah Crabbe had done.

"Now I show you once more," suggested the Jap.

He performed the trick again, after which he allowed Dick to throw him by the same flying fall.

"But it seems to me," argued Dick, "that when I throw myself over backward I always take a chance of landing hard on the back of my head."

"You must practice falling so that you land on your shoulders and do not hit back of your head on the ground. Always keep your chin well forward on your chest in falling and your head will not strike ground."

"But suppose the other fellow won't let me get his lapels?" hinted Dick.

"Other fellow can't help himself. Take hold of his arms, as if in catch-as-catch-can wrestling match. Then he will take hold of your arms, too. Then, before he can do anything, let go of his arms like lightning and get his lapels. Now do the trick."

"But what if the other fellow isn't wearing a coat?"

"Grab him by vest lapels."

"If he wears no vest?"

"Get hold of the cloth in his shirt."

"But if opponent has no clothing on above the waist?" persisted Dick.

"Then you will do well to use some other trick," laughed the Jap. "Remember, Foster, that if you wish to do the trick a rougher way, you can plant your right knee or foot in other fellow's stomach and throw him just the same."

"What's the way to beat that flying fall?" demanded Foster.

"There isn't any way, unless man is very experienced in jiu-jitsu. No beginner can beat the fall."

"When are you fellows coming to play football?" called Hal Spofford, Hal's elum and lieutenant of the club.

"It'll be dark soon," supplemented Manley.

So the group that had gathered to watch the lesson in jiu-jitsu scattered for the gridiron, where Inow Sato was as clever as he was at jiu-jitsu.

There was need of brisk practice, for this week the Up and At 'Em Boys were scheduled to play the swift, heavy Egyptians.

CHAPTER III.

UNCLE EB GOES TO MEET FORTUNE.

Joe Prescott was quiet and reserved when he reported for football and gymnastic work at the club's grounds at daylight the next morning.

"Joe looks mysterious," was the way that Dick Gaylord, the "thinking" boy, put it.

As a matter of fact, Joe had news that he did not intend to share with the whole club.

But he found a chance to tell Frank about it.

"Uncle Eb leaves us this morning," confided Joe.

"Not for good?" Frank asked.

"Oh, dear no! He and dad are going to New York to meet Mowbray. Uncle Eb will turn over that deed, and Mowbray can make his sale to New York agents of the syndicate. Thus Mowbray will get his money at once, and so will Uncle Eb."

Joe's Uncle Eb had been a byword in Woodstock for some time.

For years Eben Prescott had lived out in Colorado. He was vaguely reported to be a very rich mine owner.

One day Uncle Eb had written proposing to make his home with the Prescotts, and to make his nephew his heir.

The news had leaked out that Joe was to be heir to a fortune of many millions.

But Eb had arrived in Woodstock intoxicated and very ragged.

He had a trunkful of mining stock certificates that turned out to be worthless.

Among his papers, however, there had been a deed to a considerable tract of supposedly worthless mining land owned by a former partner named Mowbray.

Such determined efforts had been made to steal this deed from Eb Prescott that Manley suspected the land must be worth considerable.

So our hero had communicated with the newspapers. As a result of this publicity it had been learned that a great mining syndicate wanted Mowbray's land.

Mowbray was now on his way east to make the sale and receive the money. He had promised to hand Eb fifty thousand dollars of the purchase money for having taken such good care of the deed.

And now Eb and Joe's father were going to New York to meet Mowbray and have the business over with.

"Say, we almost ought to see your uncle off," proposed Frank. "We've had a pretty big hand in his affairs."

"I'd like it if you would, a few of you," hailed Joe. "But I don't want a mob of the fellows there. They were too ready to laugh when they thought Uncle Eb was nothing but a 'busted' drunkard."

"Oh, we needn't tell many of the fellows," replied Frank. "We won't any of us go to the depot unless you think your uncle would like to have us."

"Oh, he'd be tickled to have a few of you there," replied Joe. "Those who helped him to keep the deed, you know. There's Hal, and Sato, and Jackets and yourself. And I suppose Dick Foster ought to be invited, after the word he brought us last Saturday night."

"Just those, then," assented our hero. "I'll pass the word if you like."

So the little party of Up and At 'Em Boys was on hand that morning to see the 8:40 train pull out.

The happiest man in Woodstock appeared to be Uncle Eb himself.

He was cleaner looking now than on the night he had reached the town. He wore a tidy business suit, and this time he was wholly sober.

"I'm going on your business, lad," explained the uncle, patting Joe's shoulder. "You won't be an heir to millions, as you expected; but there's more than a little money coming your way one of these days. And we'll have a good time on some of that money when I get back from New York."

"If you get it," suggested Joe, with reserve.

"Oh, I'll get it, lad. Jack Mowbray never went back on his word yet."

"But what if the syndicate forgot its agreement?"

Uncle Eb's face fell for a moment. Then he replied, cheerily:

"Oh, that won't happen, lad. These big syndicates are all business, and they never talk about things they don't mean to do. You'll see! I'll send you word as soon as I get that money planted."

Nor did Eb forget to thank the youngsters who had made his good fortune possible.

"I'll bring you youngsters all back some pretty good presents," he promised.

"Please don't do anything of the sort," remonstrated Manley. "We are all interested in Joe's heirship. Now, Mr. Prescott, if you spend all the money you want to for every one here Joe will find himself heir to nothing but a worn-out and empty pocketbook."

"That's right," nodded Hal. "The best present we can have is to see Joe continue to keep on the right side of his prosperous uncle."

"When I think of what all you lads have done for me," declared Eb, tears coming to his eyes, "I feel that a million dollars wouldn't begin to go around for what I'd like to do for you all."

"We'd have done it all for Joe, even if we hadn't liked you at all," replied Hal.

The upbound express came whizzing along as they stood there on the platform.

This express was not due to stop. It always went through Woodstock at a speed of close to a mile a minute.

All but one of the group moved back automatically when they heard the fast train approaching.

But Sato, who was watching with amusement the antics of a group of children in the nearby street, did not appear to notice the approach of the train.

"Back, old fellow!" shouted Frank.

But Sato, still watching the children, did not appear to notice the approach of the train.

Frank took a quick step forward. But he had been standing at some distance from the Jap, and it took him a few seconds to get close.

In the meantime the train had arrived and was whizzing past the platform.

Inow Sato swayed for an instant and a look of quick surprise came into his face.

Then he pitched over backward, drawn in by the suction of the quickly moving train.

There was a quick gasp of horror from those who looked on the scene.

They saw the little Jap snatched from before their eyes to be ground to bits under the car-wheels.

White-faced, and himself strongly fighting the suction of the rushing train, Manley bent swiftly, nimbly forward.

He was just in time to catch at one of the Jap's coat lapels.

A yank, and Manley staggered back, hauling Sato after him.

Both boys pitched to the platform on their sides.

The train had gone by.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Hal, devoutly.

Every one heaved a sigh of tremendous relief.

Frank was on his feet again like a flash.

"Hurt?" he asked, bending over the Jap.

"No; surprised—that's all."

The Jap got nimbly and smilingly on his feet.

"Gracious, but that was close!" quivered Frank, his face still pallid from the fright.

Smiling, Sato bent down to brush the dust from his clothes.

"You risked a very valuable life to save a worthless one," said the Jap, quietly and coolly as he looked up. "But I thank you."

"Thank nothing!" returned Manley. "I'd do as much to haul a cur dog out of a scrape like that. But you should have been more careful, old fellow."

"You have taken serious responsibility upon yourself," laughed Sato.

"A responsibility? Upon myself?" demanded Frank.

"Yes; you know there is an Eastern proverb that he who saves a life is always responsible for the doings of the one he saves."

"Oh, is that all?"

"But if I am a bad man you are the one to blame. For you saved my life and made it possible for me to be a bad man."

"If that's the only chance I took," laughed Manley, "I'll accept the risk cheerfully."

"You will have to now," said the Jap, almost gravely. "You cannot escape responsibility."

They all laughed merrily over Sato's implied view of the penalty attached to saving a human life.

None of them thought of it five minutes later—nor at all, until Sato's lightly spoken words were brought back to them most strangely by events.

The 8:40 train for New York rolled in.

Amid a volley of good wishes Eb and his brother climbed the steps of a car, turned to wave their hands, and were soon beyond view.

"A great old chap, that queer uncle of mine," said Joe, with a little choke of his voice.

"A valuable relative, anyway," hinted Dick Foster.

Joe rewarded him with a swift, silent glare.

"In a few weeks from now," said Manley, as they trudged along the road to Dr. Holbrook's academy, "it won't be so easy for us to march along to school."

"Why not?" asked Hal, absently.

"Think of Green river down there covered by a sheet of solid, six-inch ice!"

"Oh! Ah!"

The thought set their blood to tingling.

Of all the joys of the winter before had there been anything to compare with the pleasures of life on the ice?

"But in the meantime," went on Frank, "we've got some other very pressing things on hand."

Pressing, indeed! Events were lurking close at hand of which he as yet suspected nothing.

Little did he dream how Inow Sato's laughing prophecy was to be fulfilled!

Yet the hour of that fulfilment was almost at hand.

CHAPTER IV.

WANTED—ONE JAP.

"Where can Sato be?" Frank wondered, impatiently.

"It isn't like him to keep us waiting," murmured Hal.

"Can't do much until he does come," grumbled Bob Everett.

Joe did not say much. He was too pleased with life to say anything that might sound disagreeable.

A telegram had come the night before to the effect that Uncle Eb had met Mowbray, that the deal had been put through, and that Uncle Eb had banked his fifty thousand dollars.

This was the second morning after Uncle Eb had gone away.

The boys had gathered once more for their break-o'-day football drill.

Manley had a most important maneuver that he wanted to put through in practice between the regulars and the second team.

Naturally the move could not be put through until the first eleven had a quarter-back.

Sato had not arrived yet.

"He can't have overslept himself," said Frank, half grumblingly. "Inow never does that."

"I'll run over to his house," suggested Dick Gaylord.

"No; for you're in togs. Let Wallie go."

"Of course I'll go," put in Master Egbert, delighted to have a chance to serve on the club's business.

"Then scoot, Wallie, and tell Sato we're stuck until he gets here."

While they waited Manley drilled the two lines in blocking each other and in stopping the backs from breaking through.

In less than a quarter of an hour Wallie Egbert was back, and breathless at that.

"Sato isn't at his rooms!" announced Wallie, pantingly.

"You're sure of that?" asked Frank.

"Of course I am," came the half aggrieved answer.

"You asked the landlady if she was positive?"

"Bosh!" retorted Wallie. "I didn't take her word at all. I went up to Sato's room and saw for myself."

"Had he left any word—any note?"

"Not a thing."

"You looked for a note, of course?"

"Didn't I, though?" breathed the youngster. "But it wasn't any use. Sato wasn't at home at all last night."

"Wasn't home?" echoed Frank, almost in consternation.

"No; at least, his bed hadn't been slept in."

Frank felt sudden downright alarm.

So, for that matter, did Hal and Joe.

The three exchanged a swift, meaning look.

"There's something queer about this," murmured our hero.

"Of course, there is," returned Wallie. "But I didn't see that I could do anything else, so I hurried back to report."

"Right—quite right," nodded Frank.

Then he fell to doing some hard thinking.

Sato's absence, if it continued, would put himself and Hal and Joe in an awkward predicament.

The four had met at Frank's house the night before to discuss plans for the free gym for children.

While they were so engaged Miss Eastman, who had been hard at work raising subscriptions for the free gym, had telephoned our hero.

She had five hundred and forty dollars in funds on hand.

Being an old maid, and living alone, she was nervous about having the money in the house over night.

She had requested Frank to call or send for it.

As her home was along the line of Sato's return to the house, the boys had asked him to call and receive the money, and to turn it over in the morning.

"Looks a bit queer," whispered Hal to our hero.

"Looks unfortunate," corrected Manley. "Sato is all

right, but it looks badly to have him away before he has turned the money in."

"If anything has happened to him," suggested Joe, "it will react on us all a bit. We are responsible for sending him to get the money."

"I'm going to look into matters at once," said Frank, a trifle unsteadily.

"And we'll go with you," hinted Joe.

"Humphrey," called out the young captain, "you take charge of the club and put the fellows through the bag drills for the rest of the training time. Some of us will have to go and look up Sato."

The three leaders of the club hurried into the locker room, more anxious than they cared to have any of the others know.

"Say nothing to any one about the money for the present," advised Frank, as the three youngsters made haste to get out of football togs and into street clothes.

"What are you going to do?" Hal wanted to know.

"First of all, I'm going to find out whether Sato called and got the money last night."

"Oh, he did," declared Hal.

"Why do you say that?"

"Because if he hadn't called Miss Eastman would have 'phoned you again. She would have been too nervous over keeping the money in the house."

"We'll go and see her, just the same," declared Frank.

"And at what she would regard as this beastly early hour?" hinted Joe.

"Well, we'll 'phone her, then."

There was a telephone in the ticket office at the gate.

Frank succeeded in getting Miss Eastman at the other end of the wire.

She only confirmed the fears of the boys. Sato had called and had taken the money the night before, leaving his receipt with her.

"Miss Eastman," said Frank, earnestly, "we fear that something has happened to our Japanese friend. He's all right. We don't suspect him in any way. But there is a mystery here, and we mean to clear it up. It will hurt your plans if you say anything about this to any one for the present, so, as a personal favor to myself, I will ask you to say nothing about the matter until we have had a chance to look the ground over."

"Why, of course I won't say anything," she promised.

Frank hung up the receiver and turned around to his friends with a cloud of worry on his face.

"We've got to move quickly," he muttered.

"Mighty quickly," approved Hal.

"How shall we start at it?" Joe wanted to know.

"We'll go to his room first. He may come in. He may have been away for very good reasons. There's just the barest chance that we may find him at home by this time."

Joe hardly thought so, but he held his peace.

They reached Sato's lodgings, and, knowing the young callers well, the landlady let them go at once into the Jap's room.

Here the boys began to investigate systematically and to put their quick wits at work.

Yet, at the end of their exploring of the room they had to admit themselves stumped.

There was not a single clew, either to Sato's probable whereabouts or as to the reason for his absence.

After questioning the landlady they could only conclude that the young Jap had not returned home the night before.

"He called and got the money from Miss Eastman, then failed to show up here," summarized Joe.

"Don't be too quick to place a bad construction on that," warned Manley.

"I'm not," retorted Joe.

"The night crew were on at the railway station at the time that Sato got the money," suggested Hal. "So we can't find out, just yet, whether Sato went away on a train."

"Yes, we can," interposed Frank, quickly. "I'll go to Jerry Lanagan's house and find out."

But first our hero sat down at Sato's table and wrote a note urging the Jap to report quickly in case he returned.

Then they set out briskly, walking to the night agent's home and rousing Jerry out of bed.

But Jerry was quite certain that he had not seen Sato at the station the night before.

"Well, what are we to think?" asked Joe, anxiously.

"Foul play, I fear," sighed Manley.

"But Sato was too handy with jiu-jitsu. There are no two men around here who could handle him, and a shot would have been heard."

"There's been foul play, or else——"

"Or else?"

"If not foul play, then there's some mystery that Sato will clear up himself as the sun drives the mist."

Frank spoke warmly.

He had the utmost faith in the honesty of his queer little Japanese friend.

He felt sure that the truth, when known, would exonerate his chum.

And he half suspected that Hal and Joe doubted this. Hal, however, hastened to put himself on record.

"I shall be the last to think that this mystery can in any way reflect upon Inow Sato."

"So shall I," added Joe, unhesitatingly.

That cleared the atmosphere and put the three friends again on a footing of good understanding.

"Well, where now?" asked Joe.

"I'm blessed if I know," admitted Frank. "Of course we'll ask the police to keep an eye open on the quiet; but I doubt if the police can find out anything we can't."

There were no "haunts" of the Jap's where inquiries could be made.

Beyond his own room, the academy, the athletic field and gym, and the homes of a few of the fellows, there were no places that the Jap ever visited.

Between his athletics and his schooling Sato's time was too much taken up to leave any time for social pleasures.

So, as a matter of form, more than anything else, the Woodstock police were asked to keep on the alert for news of the missing Jap.

It was time to get breakfast and to go to school, and nothing had been accomplished.

Nor did Frank have any idea of how the inquiry could be carried any further for the present.

For a few hours, at least, matters would have to settle down to waiting to see whether or not the Jap would turn up and explain his absence.

Just before the forenoon session was over Frank was called out of the study room to meet the reporter for the Evening Sentinel, the local paper.

"I've called to see what you can tell me about the missing Sato," began the reporter.

Frank groaned inwardly.

"So you've heard about it?" he demanded.

"Of course we have," grinned the reporter.

"Can't you keep quiet about it to-day?"

"What? Not print such news about a fellow as well known in town as the Jap? The boss wouldn't hear of it."

"Don't you think I could persuade him to say nothing to-day?" asked Frank.

"Well, you can try, of course," said the reporter, not very hopefully. "But it wouldn't do much good, anyway. The news has leaked out over the town, and people are talking about it already."

Frank groaned again.

Miss Eastman, then, had found it impossible to keep from telling this choice bit of scandal to some one.

Of the discreet silence of Jerry Lanagan and the police our hero felt sure.

"You see," suggested the reporter, "you might as well tell me what you can about it. If you refuse people might think it a bit queer."

Frank comprehended that quickly enough. Now that the main fact of Sato's absence had leaked out there was nothing to conceal, anyway.

So Frank told what efforts he and his chums had made to find the Jap, and expressed utter confidence that the little brown student had not done anything like abscond with the money.

Yet Frank knew that the town would place a different construction on the matter.

And a very large proportion of the town's inhabitants did do just that thing.

Our hero discovered this at noon, when, on his way home, he was stopped by a man named Allen, who had contributed five dollars to the fund that Inow had received from Miss Eastman.

"Why," said Frank, impatiently, in the course of the conversation, "it's absurd to suppose that Sato would run away with the money."

"Why is it?"

"Because he left more than enough money behind to make good what some people think he has embezzled."

"He has left money behind, you say?"

"Certainly."

"Where is it?"

"Why, at the bank, of course. It's the money out of which he pays the expenses of his schooling."

"And that money is in the bank?"

"At least, it was very recently," retorted Frank, "for I was with him the other day when he drew out ten dollars."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea to see if the money is still there?" hinted Mr. Allen.

"It would be an insult to Sato."

"Possibly; but wouldn't it be a good idea, just the same?"

"Oh, well, we'll go up and inquire if you like, Mr. Allen."

"I'm just curious enough to think it would be a good idea to go and make the inquiry," persisted that gentleman.

Frank saw no way now but to go.

He must either consent or else allow the cloud over his friend to look blacker.

So Frank and his acquaintance stepped into the bank together.

"I am aware that you don't generally discuss the affairs of your depositors," explained Frank to the cashier. "Yet, in view of the news, can you tell us whether Inow Sato still has a good deposit here to his account?"

"Mr. Sato drew out his account in full two days ago!"

The words came like a thunderclap to Frank Manley.

Mr. Allen laughed softly, as if to say:

"I told you so!"

"It doesn't make a particle of difference," said Frank, stolidly; though he felt as if the earth were falling from under him. "When we get at the whole truth of this we'll find that my faith in Inow Sato was not displaced."

"Oh, nonsense," laughed Mr. Allen, as the two came out of the bank together. "Any man of sense knows now what has happened between the Jap and the money. Manley, I want you to understand right now that you have my full sympathy. I say that because there will be those who will say that you took a foolish chance. The money never should have been handed to the Jap. There will be some people who will be mean enough to blame you."

Frank started suddenly, as if stung by a whip-lash.

For through his mind now were ringing the words that the Jap had uttered when our hero had saved him from the train:

"You have saved my life and made it possible for me to be a bad man!"

With this Sato had coupled the smiling assertion that Manley would be responsible, through life, for whatever the Jap did.

"At least, it looks as if I might be made a scapegoat," thought our hero, grimly.

CHAPTER V.

THE EASTERN SKY GROWS BLACK FOR FRANK.

"I will never believe it!"

"Not I."

"And I'll fight the fellow who hints it."

Thus Frank, Hal, and Joe placed themselves on record when the club met at the grounds that afternoon.

Ostensibly, they were there to practice football.

But no one thought of the game at all.

It was Sato, Sato, Sato—and nothing else could claim any attention.

Down below them the town was buzzing with the news.

"Those folks down there are hauling me over the coals for letting Inow go after the money," said Frank, with a bitter smile, as he glanced in the direction of the town.

"Let them," snorted Joe. "You're not alone in this matter. Hal and I were equally responsible."

"Oh, well, I don't care what folks are saying," rejoined Frank. "At least, I don't care a quarter as much as I would for a bit of news about our little brown friend."

"If Sato ever shows up again——" began Al Adams.

"He'll be dead," supplied Frank quickly.

"That wasn't what I mean," replied Hal. "I was going to say that if Sato doesn't show up the club can make up, by degrees, out of the treasury, the amount that he got away——"

"Be careful!"

"I didn't mean——"

"I'm glad you didn't."

"So let's consider it settled that Sato isn't, and couldn't be, a thief," put in Hal hastily.

This was tacitly agreed to, though, of course, there were some fellows in the club who felt that one could not be expected to carry trust and faith too far in the face of damaging evidence.

"I'll tell you what the club can do," suggested Bob Everett. "Thanks to liberal gate money from the public, we have plenty of funds in the treasury. We can offer a reward of one hundred dollars that will lead to finding Inow Sato, dead or alive."

"Wouldn't that sound too much like a reward for catching a thief?" asked Frank.

Bob shook his head.

"No; for we can state distinctly in our offer that Sato is missing, but not accused of any crime, and that the reward does not call for nor hint at his arrest. You'll know how to put that into the proper words, Frank."

"Make the motion," urged Hal, "and I'll second it."

So the motion was put, and was carried without a word of dissent.

Then, in mighty poor spirits, the club broke up without practice.

Frank, accompanied by his two lieutenants, hurried to his store.

But on the way there a new thought struck him.

"See here, fellows," he hinted, "we all know that Sato and Crabbe had some rough words last Monday."

"Crabbe couldn't do anything to him," spoke Joe, contemptuously. "We saw enough the other day to know that."

"And I don't say that Crabbe would want to do any-

thing mean," retorted our hero. "Yet, when a fellow has disappeared, and we know that he had trouble with a certain person, isn't the clew worth looking into?"

"Yes," assented Hal quickly.

Crabbe was still in town, fussing not a little.

He still had hopes of making some substantial sales in town, but had not yet received any orders.

He had tried to get Manley's mind made up more quickly, but the young athlete had told him flatly that matters couldn't be hurried just to expedite his departure.

So to the hotel the boys went. They found Crabbe in the room where he had rigged up his display.

"Ah! Glad to see you, young gentlemen!" was Jeremiah's quick greeting. "We can come to some understanding now, I hope."

"Not about your goods, Mr. Crabbe," Frank replied, quickly.

Jeremiah looked surprised.

"What is the game, then?" he asked, relapsing into slang.

"Mr. Crabbe, we want to know all about your last interview with Mr. Sato," said Frank, rather sternly.

"With Sato?"

"That's what I said."

"But what——"

"Will you be good enough to answer my question?" pressed Manley.

"But I don't understand——"

"Never mind that, please."

"But——"

"Mr. Crabbe, you are delaying us."

"Then——"

"And dodging the point at issue, apparently," wound up Frank.

"But, gentlemen——"

"No more dodging, if you please," said Frank, almost in an ugly tone. "We have asked you a very plain question. What about your last meeting with Inow Sato? If you don't care to answer us we may find means of making you."

"How?" flashed Jeremiah.

"Through the police, possibly."

Jeremiah paled suddenly, though whether from anger or some emotion the boys could not judge readily.

"You had trouble with Sato, and he has disappeared," went on Manley briskly. "Can we be any more plain?"

"But you don't think——"

"Then why are you so slow in answering a plain question?"

"But there was no trouble between Sato and myself," put in Jeremiah quickly, eagerly. "We had a little spat last Monday, but that was over in a minute. And you have brought him here every day since. Was there any sign of hard feeling between us?"

"You are answering questions, not asking them, if you please," retorted Manley. "And I must tell you, Mr.

Crabbe, that your evasion of the questions is certainly putting you in a bad light."

Jeremiah Crabbe looked uneasy again.

"There was no trouble between us," he went on slowly. "I'll prove it to you. Inow Sato was here a few minutes last night drinking with me."

"Last night?" echoed Hal.

While Frank demanded:

"Drinking with you? Drinking what?"

"Champagne," came the response.

"Lie number one!" clicked Frank.

"What do you mean by that?" almost bellowed Jeremiah, fight showing in his eyes.

"Sato never touches alcoholic beverages. He has a horror of them."

"Now I shall show you that you are wrong," announced Mr. Crabbe.

He touched a button and a bellboy appeared.

"Send the curly-headed waiter here, please."

The waiter came.

"Waiter," demanded Crabbe, "do you remember serving drinks here last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times?"

"Only once, sir."

"Was I alone?"

"No, sir; there was a gentleman here with you."

"Who was he?"

"The Japanese gentleman."

"What did I order?"

"Champagne, sir."

"Did I drink alone?"

"No, sir; the Japanese gentleman drank with you."

"How do you know?"

"Because I filled his glass and saw him drink it."

"The witness is yours, Captain Manley," declared Jeremiah, with an air of triumph.

"How much champagne did you bring in here?" asked Frank.

"Only a pint, sir."

"How much did Mr. Sato take?"

"One glass."

"You are sure he took no more?"

"That was all I served him, sir."

"How long had Mr. Sato been here when you served the wine?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How long was it after Mr. Sato drank the wine that he and Mr. Crabbe went out together?"

Frank had deliberately set a trap at this point, but the waiter was plainly honest in the matter, for he answered promptly:

"They didn't go away together, sir. Mr. Sato shook hands with Mr. Crabbe and then went away, leaving Mr. Crabbe here."

"And how much longer was Mr. Crabbe here—to your knowledge?"

"At least ten minutes, sir, for he was explaining some of the apparatus to me."

"Did you see Mr. Crabbe again?"

"Yes, sir; right afterward in the office. He went out to the desk to sign the wine check."

"And then?"

"Then I saw Mr. Crabbe return to his room, sir."

"And what time did Mr. Sato drink the wine here?"

"At about half-past nine."

Sato had come here, then, Frank reflected, after leaving Miss Eastman's with the money.

"Waiter, would you swear in court, if called upon to, to all just as you have told it now?"

"Why, yes, sir—certainly, sir," replied the waiter, seeming very much surprised, and Frank and his chums felt that the man was telling the truth.

"That's all, then," said Frank, and the waiter left them.

"I'm sorry, young gentlemen if I have seemed at all evasive and ill-tempered," said Jeremiah. "But you came in here as if to accuse me of something, and then gave me the lie outright."

"I admit that," nodded Frank. "But the thing seemed queer, and I admit that I am staggered at the idea of Sato drinking champagne. Mr. Crabbe, is there anything more that you can tell us about Sato?"

"Nothing."

"How did Sato come to drop in here?"

"Just as any one else would, I suppose."

"There was no appointment between you?"

"No."

"And you have told me everything you know about him?"

"On my honor I have," protested Jeremiah.

There appeared to be nothing more to do here, so the boys left; though they stopped in the hotel office long enough to discover that the clerk could confirm the waiter's statement about Crabbe having been in the office after Sato's departure.

"Nothing learned there," muttered Hal, as they gained the street.

"To the contrary!" said Frank, rather sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"Jeremiah Crabbe will bear a heap of watching."

"But he didn't follow Sato away," suggested Joe.

"He'll bear watching."

"I'm puzzled over such a teetotaller as Sato drinking champagne," murmured Hal.

"So am I," admitted Frank. "But either it's a cooked-up lie, or else there's some very good explanation."

"Sentinel! All about the runaway Jap!" shouted a newsboy.

Frank started as if he had been stung.

He and his chums hurried to the store, where, behind the curtain at the rear, they went hurriedly through the two columns relating to Inow Sato.

The story had been told, after the fashion of many newspapers, with extravagant exaggeration.

Manley was quoted as believing that there had been foul

play, and the Sentinel told how its reporters had run down every possible clew leading to any indication of foul play, and all without avail.

It was stated in so many words that there was a suspicion that the Jap had fled with the money entrusted to him. It was pointed out, also, that Sato had previously withdrawn his school expense fund from the bank.

The whole article reflected the general public opinion that Sato, finding the temptation of so much money more than he could stand, had decamped.

It was even quietly hinted that he had premeditated such a step, as shown by the withdrawal of his bank account.

The last paragraph of the article, ingeniously worded, cut our hero to the quick.

"No one in Woodstock thinks of blaming Frank Manley for more than an error in judgment such as any one might make. If the missing Japanese has really defaulted his trust, then of course the children's free gymnasium is minus that much of the funds given for its establishment. But sympathy, not censure, will be Captain Manley's portion."

"In other words," said Frank, gloomily, "Sato is a thief and I'm the silly dupe who made it possible for him to get away with the money."

"If you're a dupe," vented Joe, "there are two of us."

"But I'm not a dupe," cried Manley, almost fiercely, "for Sato is no intentional thief!"

If he could only make Woodstock people see this!

Unwavering loyalty to his friend from the Orient might yet cost Manley dear.

Truly, this was a cloud from the Orient. The eastern sky was growing black and threatening for Frank.

CHAPTER VI.

A LOW-CUT SHOE IN THE AIR.

The night bringing no news, Manley had the entire club out on a search before daylight.

Divided into six squads, each under a leader, the Up and At 'Em Boys made a thorough search of the country around before school time.

Nothing was accomplished.

Manley had not really believed that anything would be, but he had ordered the search as a last resort.

Practice in the afternoon was dispirited.

The fellows did not realize until now how much of the life of the club had come from the quiet little Jap.

A half dozen of the fellows had been excused from practice in order that they might prowl about, but Friday night came and with it no news.

Frank had just finished his supper when Dick Gaylord put in an appearance.

Dick was agitated to a rather marked degree for him, for he was much more likely to be half sulky.

"I've got just a hint of what may be news, Frank," he reported quickly. "I hardly dare hope that it is good for anything."

"Let's have it, Dick, in any case."

"I didn't dare to do any thinking of my own about it," went on Dick.

"Good boy," approved his leader. "This is too serious for you to do any thinking, Dick."

For Gaylord had formerly been addicted to doing original "thinking" on his own account.

His plans were always destined to reap great results, but they never did, and generally Gaylord's thinking got all of his closest friends involved in disaster.

"I was just talking with a farmer up on Main street," went on Dick, hurriedly. "He told me that Wednesday night, when he was going home on his wheel, he passed a wagon on the Barberville road, out beyond Dunstan's.

"Now, there wasn't anything peculiar about the wagon, but the farmer remembered that in the bottom of the wagon there was a canvas, such as teamsters often use to throw over a load of farm produce.

"He wouldn't have noticed that, either, only he saw a low-cut shoe and a foot sticking out from under the canvas. He said it looked as if a drunken man were being carted home."

"A low-cut shoe?" ejaculated Manley. "And Sato wore them the evening he disappeared. How was the foot—large or small?"

"Small," said Dick. "At least the farmer thought so, but he wouldn't be sure."

Frank was walking up and down the room, his eyes blazing.

"Dick, I hardly dare to hope——"

"You think it was Sato under that canvas?"

"I don't know what to think. Sato couldn't be overpowered by any man around these parts. He wasn't drunk, either, on one glass of champagne. But the low-cut shoe and the small foot——! Was that all that showed from under the canvas?"

"Yes."

"How many men were on the seat?"

"One."

"What did he look like?"

"The farmer didn't remember."

"Oh, pshaw! Such luck!"

But in another moment Frank's eyes shone.

"What time did this farmer see the wagon?"

"A little after ten o'clock."

"Good!"

Frank stepped to the telephone and rang up Hal and Joe in turn.

He instructed them to get as many of the fellows as they could quickly, and to report promptly.

Fifteen minutes later there were fourteen of the Up and At 'Em Boys, in all, on hand.

"Go to every one in town who has a wagon that he could let out for hire," was Frank's direction. "If you find that such a wagon was let out Wednesday night, learn when it was brought back, what the man looked like who hired it, whether there was a canvas in the wagon—in short, find out everything you can and report back here."

Hal, Joe and Dick remained behind with our hero.

"If we don't find that one was hired in town we'll run through the other towns and quizz every man on a farm anywhere near here," proclaimed the young athlete.

One by one the youngsters came back from the stables to which they had been assigned to go. They reported nothing.

Among the last to return was Dick Foster. He came on the run.

"Got it!" he shouted triumphantly, as he hurried into Frank's crowded sitting-room.

"Found a man who let a wagon out?" asked Manley.

"Yes; and just a little after half-past nine! And there was a canvas in the wagon! The rig wasn't brought back until a quarter of three in the morning! John Lewis was the man who let the rig. And I've got a description of the man who hired the rig and brought it back."

Foster's excitement was infectious. The other youngsters crowded around the hero of the moment as Dick went on breathlessly:

"The fellow who hired the rig was a rather tall man, broad-shouldered, with brown hair and blue eyes. He seemed to be thirty-five years or a little older. He wore a shabby gray coat and vest and dark trousers, with a badly-worn brown top-coat and a cloth cap and cloth visor. He wore a collar, but no necktie. He was dirty and seedy all over."

"That's a good enough description," quivered Manley.

"Lewis has seen the fellow about town once or twice during the week," went on Dick, "and thinks he has been stopping here in town. The man told Lewis that he had a chance to take some people out into the country at a little profit if he could hire the rig cheaply enough. Now, do you remember about Miss Eastman speaking about a torn five-dollar bill that had been pasted as being among the bills she had given to Sato?"

"Yes," answered Manley breathlessly.

"Well, this stranger paid Lewis with a bill like that," flashed Foster, triumphantly.

"Before or after he took the rig?"

"Just before he started."

"Dick, have you gained any idea where this stranger has been stopping?"

"No; but we know the grade of boarding-houses here to which such a shabby stranger would be apt to go."

"We do," clicked Manley. "Hal, Joe, Jacks, Foster, Gaylord and I will go on a tour of those boarding-houses now. The rest of you stay here; but keep your ears open for the telephone."

The six youngsters assigned to look up the boarding-houses hurried out.

They were all bound in the same direction—for the boarding-houses of the poorer grade were bunched in two short streets just below the railroad track.

At the second house they visited Frank and Hal located their man.

"Why," replied Mrs. Mullins, "that's the new man that has been here since Monday."

"Is he here now?" asked Frank quickly.

"Right in the house, I believe."

"Whereabouts?"

"Small back room up on the next floor," replied the woman.

"Mrs. Mullins," whispered Frank, "we want to go up and see him at once. May we?"

"Why, of course."

"Hal, get out in the back yard and watch that way," directed Manley.

With that our hero sprang to the door and went hurrying upstairs, Mrs. Mullins following more slowly behind.

"That's the door," whispered the landlady, pointing.

Frank did not stop to knock. His hand was upon the knob. He turned it and bounded into the room.

"There he goes!" sounded Hal's voice from below.

With a pantherish bound our hero was at the window, looking out.

Just below the window was the top of a shed. The fugitive, dimly visible in the distance, had dropped on this shed, and, in two steps had cleared the roof and landed in the yard beyond.

Hal was going over the fence like a flash as Frank looked out.

The fugitive was passing over the fence beyond and into an alleyway.

Without the loss of a second Manley jumped. He and Hal landed in the alleyway almost at the same instant.

"Up and At 'Em, Boys!" roared Manley, at the top of his voice.

That penetrating cry brought their four comrades running along at the rear.

In the darkness the fugitive had gotten out of the line of vision.

The chase led down to the freight yard, among a lot of sheds and standing cars.

Here the trail seemed to end.

For an hour the youngsters explored the neighborhood, reinforced by others for whom Jackets had 'phoned.

A few of the youngsters had been ordered to frequent the principal streets of the town, in the hope that the fugitive would be caught.

But time wore on and the evening grew old.

Yet no result.

"It's little use, I'm afraid," confessed Manley, at last, to Hal, who was the only one of the club members with him now.

Hal agreeing, they went to the postoffice, which had been named as the place for reporting.

Most of the fellows had assembled here already. Run-

ners were sent out to find the others and to call the quest off for the night.

Mrs. Mullins, also, had agreed to notify the police in case her undesirable lodger came back.

There was small hope, however, that the seedy stranger would be foolish enough to come back.

"I reckon we've seen the last of our stranger," said Joe, just before the gang broke up for the night.

There were tears in Manley's eyes as he whispered:

"It's far worse than that, I fear."

"How?"

"We've seen the last of Sato, too."

"Oh, no; I don't believe that," said Joe, soothingly.

"But I don't see anything else to think," contended our hero. "The fellow that we saw to-night never got the best of Sato and tied him up. If he had Sato in that wagon, then he had sneaked up behind our friend and killed him first. It could have been only Sato's body that was in that wagon."

"Don't say that," choked Joe.

"Well, how could you figure it out?"

"I can't believe that Sato has played his last game of football."

"And how he did play it!" chimed in Hal.

"When he tried to break through the line," said Everett, huskily, "he always seemed to be saying: 'Get out of my way, or you'll wish you had.' And what a way he had of toppling over the big fellows who got in his way. Opponents always seemed to dread clashing with him a second time."

"He was the greatest quarter we'll ever have," declared Hal Spofford.

"We can't replace him," said Everett sadly. "The only quarter we have like him is Frank, and if we take Manley away from left half, what on earth shall we do?"

"We might do without the quarter-back," said Frank, glumly; "but it will be hard work to get along without the good fellow that Inow was."

"But even the loss to us in football will be tough," declared Joe. "If our Jap lives only in tradition after this we'll have a legend in this club, and it will be: 'How Sato Played the Gridiron Game!'"

CHAPTER VII.

THE TRAINING HOUR.

It was an unusual training hour that morning.

With ten of the members away on the business of the club the Saturday football drill and training hour seemed almost like a deserted function.

Of course the business on which the ten youngsters were absent was in connection with the case of Sato.

Frank had purposely avoided detailing any of the better known members of the club to the work of the ten.

The sight of any of the best athletes of the club apparently lounging around the town would have attracted attention.

So it was ten of the lesser known members who were now in Woodstock or along the roads leading to the town.

Their mission was to watch out for the approach of the stranger who was believed to have brought harm to Sato.

If they received any information they were to telephone Manley at the club's athletic grounds.

Even now another member watched in the ticket office beside the telephone instrument.

The football training had been done, and now the training hour had come.

"I'm glad to be able to report," announced Manley, "that one youngster in the club is still very active. I refer, of course, to the home-made boy. Now, the youngster who fills that roll this week is Dick Gaylord. As a home-made boy I am glad to be able to report that Dick has been thinking to unusually good advantage. Trot out the apparatus, Dick, and show that sometimes you can think in straight lines."*

Dick accepted this kind of praise in some confusion, but he had his apparatus at hand, and very simple-looking it was.

It consisted of a small canvas bag of sand, to which was attached a hook, through which a cord could be fastened.

But Dick stood looking silently at his apparatus, while the members of the squad stood looking at him.

"Talk up, Dick," admonished Frank, "unless your invention has a talking machine of its own attached to it."

There was a laugh at this, in which Gaylord joined.

Then he began:

"I wanted to get up something, and I wanted to have it something of real use. It struck me as being good sense that the invention should be the thing that was needed most. Now, the thing that is needed most is the apparatus that will develop the part of the body that, in the case of most members, needs the most attention."

"Reasoned out like a problem in geometry, Dick," approved Joe.

"So," resumed Gaylord, "I asked Manley which he thought was the poorest-developed part of the body with most members. Manley answered that, while none of the older members had really poor shoulders, yet all of us needed something that would develop the shoulders to a greater degree of excellence. He told me, also, that many of the fellows who had strong shoulders were yet troubled by lack of suppleness and elasticity there. Something was needed, he said, that would make the fellows more speedy in their shoulder movements.

"So I have been thinking the thing over for more than a fortnight, and a couple of days ago I explained the thing

to Captain Manley. He was good enough to say that the invention had merit."

"I said much more than that," broke in Frank. "I saw and said that Dick's scheme was a very valuable one, indeed, and that every fellow ought to take up with it. I recommend the device especially to those who wish to excel in boxing, wrestling, or jiu-jitsu. But, outside of these sports, every boy who wants to be an athlete should pay a great deal of attention to the elasticity and speed of his shoulder muscles."

"The way to work it," went on Dick, "is to take hold of the cord and hold the arm out sideways. The bag should hang several inches clear of the ground. Now swing the bag forward and up over the head, letting the bag come down back of you, and thus swinging it forward again. In other words, make the bag swing in a circle.

"Keep this up rapidly for a couple of minutes with the right hand. Then change to the left hand, making the bag swing fast in a circle at the left side of the body. Always do it as fast as you can."

"Now, after you have swung the body from forward to back at both sides of the body, take a short rest.

"Then reverse the exercise by swinging the bag from behind, over the head and forward, making the bag describe a circle as before. Do this also for two minutes with each hand.

"This first part of the work limbers up the shoulders. Now to develop speed in the shoulders!"

Dick unfastened the cord, tossing it from him.

"Here you have the bag without a cord. Hold the bag over the head and drop it. Of course it falls to the earth by the force of gravitation.

"But, after dropping the bag from the hand, swoop down and catch it with the same hand, thus preventing it from striking the earth. With a quick movement your hand can easily overtake the falling bag and seize it.

"Here is where the development of speed comes in. At first you will catch the bag again before it has traveled more than three or four inches. Yet, by degrees, and with much practice, you can develop the knack of catching the bag at any desired point before it reaches the ground. It keeps both your shoulders and your eyes trained for speed.

"Of course, as it is one of our rules here in the club never to develop one side of the body at the expense of the other side, you will want to practice this work as much with the left hand as with the right.

"And now comes another form of the exercise that is much more difficult. Take the bag and hold it up at arm's length in the air with the palm of the hand uppermost, the bag resting in the open palm. Take the hand away from under the bag, allowing the bag to drop. But crouch quickly and get the palm of the hand under the bag again before it can touch the ground. Do this several times with each hand."

Dick illustrated this work for a few minutes, and then retired, amid a burst of applause.

"Louder!" laughed Frank, himself setting the example

*The "home-made boy" is the member of the club who invents useful and valuable gymnastic apparatus that any boy can make for himself. The first ten numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly contain descriptions for the making of such apparatus for readers. The directions for the use of this apparatus constitute a splendid course in home training suitable for any reader who cannot afford to buy a lot of apparatus.—Editor.

in hand-clapping. "Dick has offered you something of more value than you realize. Go after his work hard if you want something of real benefit. Don't let us have any poor shoulders in the club by Christmas.

"This work is also of great value in strengthening the shoulder muscles of that awkward-looking chap, the round-shouldered boy."

As Manley turned away from the breaking up of the squad his glance fell on a patient yet eager little fellow who had been waiting silently for nearly half an hour.

"How goes it, Tim?" was our hero's hearty greeting.

"Feeling better all the time, as I knew I would," was the quick answer.

"Of course you are, Tim. Any fellow soon feels a great deal better who goes in for the physical training life. I promised you that, didn't I, when I took you in charge?"

Tim Felton was a weakly little fellow who never seemed likely to have any strength or endurance, until Frank Manley consented to take him in hand and build him up. Tim's first courses in training are carefully described in Nos. 9 and 10 of Frank Manley's Weekly.

"What new work can I take up this week?" asked the little fellow.

"Now, first of all, as to the old work," replied Frank. "To what you have been doing of the old work add just as much more, unless you find that it tires you too much. If it does, add half as much more as you have been doing. And one more thing."

"Well, Mr. Manley?"

"After your exercises walk a mile every morning before breakfast."

"I will."

"And remember that a mile means a mile—not two miles, or three-quarters of a mile. Just a mile."

"And—and, Mr. Manley, you told me I would be able to begin going to school next week."

"And so you will," agreed Frank, readily. "Next week go to school every forenoon, and in the afternoon play outdoors all you can."

At this direction Tim Felton looked only half pleased.

"I—I was in hopes to go to school for the full day," he remarked, mildly.

"But see here, little one, for a good many weeks you haven't been going to school at all, have you?"

"No; of course not."

"Then, for the first week, be contented with half a day at school. The week after you can begin putting in a full day at school. And don't try to study too hard. If you do you'll get your nerves out of order again. I shall see your teacher myself, and I shall try to persuade her not to let you work too hard at your studies at first."

A promise which Manley kept, as he kept all of his promises when it was within the bounds of possibility so to do.

After shaking hands with Tim Frank hurried away to where Hal was standing near the gate.

"No word from any of our fellows on the watch?" the young captain asked of his chum.

Hal shook his head.

"Waiting is the hardest game in the world," sighed Frank Manley. "It doesn't seem right that we should remain so inactive."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BROWN DEMON.

At least the excitement in Woodstock over the vanishing of Inow Sato had its effect on the gate receipts.

Word had gone around the town, from some mysterious source, that the Jap had just returned, and that he would play in the afternoon's game.

Others said, mysteriously, that the whole matter of Sato's disappearance was a well worked up advertising dodge.

Yet, whatever the people of Woodstock believed, their interest and curiosity were aroused to the utmost.

Hence, there was a great outpouring of people to see the game between Woodstock and the Egyptians.

The Egyptians, nicknamed the "Nubians," were young athletes of no mean order.

They averaged older and heavier men than the Woodstock Juniors, and were clever in all ordinary branches of athletics.

Certainly, back in the summer time, the Nubians had given Manley's fellows some hard rubs at baseball.*

How to meet the Egyptians successfully without the aid of Inow Sato at quarter-back was a problem that had given Frank and Hal a bad forenoon.

The matter had at last been patched up as best it could be by placing our hero at quarter-back, bringing Joe back of the line, and putting in Cranston, one of the men from the second eleven, as left guard.

But Cranston was really an unknown quantity in a stiff game; and Hal was uneasy over having his best flanker go from him.

Here is the disposition of the Woodstock eleven, as thus reconstructed:

Spofford, center; Prentiss, Hollister and Humphrey on the right; Cranston, Gaylord and Winston on the left; Manley, quarter-back; McGuire, right half-back; Prescott, left half-back; Everett, full-back.

"It's the best we can do," sighed Frank, looking over the layout and noting the points at which the team would probably prove weak.

Retaining seven of its old ball-players on the football team, Egypt had won seven of the nine games it had played so far this season.

The Nubians were ready to go on the field with this line-up:

Blanchard, center; Filson, right guard; Hastings, right tackle; Corcoran, right end; Poor, left guard; Kennen-

*The hardest-fought battle on the diamond between the Egyptians and Woodstock is splendidly described in No. 25 of the Young Athlete's Weekly. The story is one of the classics of baseball literature.—Editor.

hampf, left tackle; Gridley, left end; Lawrence, quarter-back; Tucker, right half; Lee, left half; Emerson, full-back.

Woodstock would make the best showing it could. anyway.

While the spectators were rapidly filling the seats on the grandstand and on the summer "bleachers," the Up and At 'Em Boys were getting patiently into their field togs.

Outside the day was dark and lowery. There was not much wind, so it would be a good gridiron day.

"It seems as if Sato were merely late," whispered Joe to Bob Everett.

"It seems mighty queer, anyway," sighed Everett. "Of course, Manley is a great quarter, but the rest of the team is badly weakened by Sato's disappearance."

"I don't know when I ever felt quite as hopeless about a game," muttered McGuire.

Frank was already dressed for the game. He stood by a window that looked out over the grounds.

He was moodily staring at the-landscape, when a cab, with its curtains closely drawn, raced up to the steps.

"What on earth does that mean?" wondered Frank.

But the next instant he started back amazed, ejaculating the one quivering word:

"Sato!"

There was a pell-mell rush for the window, but the little Jap, leaping from the cab, had raced up the steps to the door like lightning.

And now he thrust the door open and came bounding in upon them—the ghost of the former Sato.

"What——"

"When——"

"When——"

"Hurrah!"

It was the last sentiment that prevailed. That mighty cheer made the locker house shake.

But Inow hardly paid heed to the excitement and joy that his arrival caused.

His face was sunken, his cheeks brightly flushed, the eyes unnaturally bright and blazing.

"How do, my friends?" he said, and then made a dive for his own locker.

He acted like a man in the height of passion.

His eyes burned like two tiny fires.

The Jap's whole look and manner suggested at once some queer little brown demon.

Manley was at the little Jap's back like a flash, clapping an affectionate hand on the shoulder of this friend returned from the grave.

"You've taken a load off our minds, old fellow!" cried the young captain. "But you're not going to play to-day, Inow?"

"Surely I am," came the dogged, almost angry answer.

"Why, man, you're in no condition!"

"Why not?"

"You're sick. You look as if you were burning up with fever."

"Nonsense! I am quite well. I can play as well as ever."

"Well, if you're sure you can," assented Frank, dubiously.

"I play all right," asserted the Jap, stubbornly.

Then, without another word, he began dressing with far greater speed than usual.

Yet not a word of explanation came from him.

Sato was more silent than any of the fellows had ever seen him before.

Every movement of his seemed to be dictated by angry impetuosity.

Under the circumstances the fellows had too good sense to ply him with questions.

As fast as they were dressed, and as if by common consent, the fellows stepped outside.

After a few minutes Frank Manley was alone with his Jap ally.

"Sato, I suppose I'm at liberty to ask, what on earth has happened to you?" began our hero.

Inow made a quick, half angry gesture as he turned on the young captain. He all but scowled.

Then, penitently, he said:

"Excuse me, Frank, but I do not dare to talk."

"What on earth has he been up against?" Manley wondered, more curious than ever.

But aloud all he asked was:

"You're sure that you're strong enough to play to-day, old fellow? You know we're up against a heavy, clever team."

"Surely I can play," insisted the Jap, chopping his words off short and dressing with an energy that suggested steam pressure. "I must play or—or I shall want to kill some one."

His actions backed up his words.

"Jupiter!" gasped the bewildered Manley, inwardly.

Then, as a final trial, he asked:

"After the game—later to-day—you will tell me what has happened?"

"Yes. You shall see; but don't talk now."

Frank walked toward the door.

Just then a tremendous cheer came to them from the seats of the spectators.

"You hear that, old fellow? That's the crowd's welcome for you!"

But Sato paid as little heed as if he had heard neither the words nor the volleys of cheers.

Frank joined the others outside.

"Well?" came the eager chorus from the Up and At 'Em Boys.

"You fellows know as much as I do—every one of you," announced Manley. "And see here; don't bother Sato with anything outside of the game. There's something in the wind, and Sato simply won't stand any quizzing."

The Jap himself came out soon after. He did not seem to see his young comrades, but moved like one whose thoughts were miles away.

"Can he keep his wits on the game to-day?" asked Hal, anxiously.

"Yes," replied Frank, confidently. "And if it were not for the game I believe he'd come pretty near going mad. Jupiter, what a quarter-back he'll be to-day!"

Cranston had fallen back into his place among the subs, and the team was shifted back to its old line-up, with Joe at left guard and Manley in his strongest position at left half.

The sight of Sato's brown face and little, lithe body on the field was the signal for renewed cheering, but of this the Jap took no notice.

Referee Comstock was summoning the captains for the toss.

It was Egypt's choice for the kick-off.

Manley, with his gaze fixed anxiously on his Jap ally, saw in an instant that the little brown man's whole mind was now on the game.

In the swift succession of scrimmages that followed Sato showed up to even better advantage than he had ever done before.

Frank Manley's mind was at ease.

His Jap ally would play the strongest game of his life, or cheerfully die in attempting to!

CHAPTER IX.

THE QUARTER-BACK RUN OF THE YEAR.

It was one of the briskest first halves that could be imagined.

Sato's impetuous dash had set the pace for the whole eleven.

With hardly a block the ball had been forced down to Egypt's goal line.

The Nubians were pushed back for a safety, thus scoring the first two points for Woodstock.

A touchdown and a goal kick speedily followed, and the score was now eight to nothing in favor of Woodstock.

Rallying, the heavy Egyptians tried to return the rushing tactics.

They got the ball down within Woodstock's twenty-five yard line, and, by real brisk and clever playing, managed to get a drop kick from the field, winning by four points.

But Woodstock came back willingly, scoring, just before the whistle sounded, another touchdown and goal kick.

Fourteen to four—that did not seem as if Frank Manley's ally had lost any of his cunning at the gridiron game.

During the rest between halves Sato was no more communicative.

He walked off moodily by himself, like one who was brooding over a great wrong.

"Whew!" muttered Joe. "Look at Inow's face. I'm glad he's not my enemy."

Frank, too, was taking a solitary walk in the middle of the field, when Emerson, captain of the Egyptians, joined him.

"Does that savage of yours always play the same game?" grinned Emerson.

"What savage?"

"Well, the Jap, then."

"He always plays a good game—that's why he's at quarter-back."

"But he plays like a pirate!"

"I haven't seen Sato foul any one yet."

"Oh, I don't mean that," retorted Emerson. "But he simply starts in to do a thing, and he always gets right at what he aims for. Really, I half believe that our fellows are growing afraid of him. He doesn't hurt any one—may be as gentle as a kitten—but he gives one the impression that there's danger in getting in his way."

Frank laughed heartily.

"That's a mighty good point in a back, isn't it, Emerson?"

"Well, all I've got to say is that I don't wonder Woodstock is playing winning football."

The signal was going for the second half.

Both teams got into line a little stiffly.

It was Woodstock's kick-off, and Egypt came back solidly with the ball.

In three successive downs the ball was over in Woodstock territory.

Yet in three more downs the ball had been forfeited to the home eleven under the five-yard rule.

Woodstock's first essay with the pigskin failed through Egypt's stubborn massing before the line.

"Give them a right half run with the left tackle fake," whispered Frank to his Jap ally.

Sato's signal rang out crisply.

At the word Dick Gaylord bounded around the back of right tackle, and Woodstock's left flank on the line shortened.

Back came the ball. Sato passed it like lightning to Dick, who started to run around left end with it.

Back of him padded McGuire, keeping within three feet of Gaylord, while Manley shot in back of them and past left end, Bob Everett keeping back but close.

Just as would be anticipated, Gaylord was tackled while seeming to make his best run with the ball.

But Dick was prepared for this. Swift as a flash he passed the ball under his arm to McGuire.

Then Dick got into the interference for all he was worth.

With Sato, Manley and Everett added to that backing, McGuire had a splendid field for a left-end run.

He gained almost twenty yards with the ball before it was downed.

For the first time Sato smiled quietly as he saw the flushed, almost angry faces of the opponents as they lined up for the next scrimmage.

Yet Egypt had not lost heart. Her players now stubbornly blocked the rush, and soon had the pigskin again.

Inow Sato seemed to have his gaze everywhere on the field.

Wherever the big Nubians tried to break through the line the Jap hurled himself in, and, either by direct tackling or by backing up the work of another player, succeeded in making a stubborn opposition.

Whenever a run around the end was attempted Sato seemed to have a wonderful faculty for divining and getting in the way.

Twice Egypt resorted to a fake kick, but both times the maneuver failed, Everett getting the pigskin once, and Manley the other time.

Then the fighting rolled back to the center line.

Others were getting tired, but Sato, except that the red color in his cheeks was deeper and the luster in his black eyes brighter, showed no such sign.

At every pause in his own work Sato's chest rose and fell with his deep breathing. He was using that means to keep himself up to the mark.

Around the middle line the fighting hung, even when the word was passed:

"Ten minutes to play!"

Woodstock did not care to score further, but was stubbornly determined that Egypt should not score either.

In four downs Woodstock made very fair progress. Then followed two in which hardly perceptible progress was made.

The next would be the third down. Without success by Manley's crew the ball would go to Egypt.

Frank had been glancing anxiously at his men.

Everett was in fine trim, just now, from lack of work.

Our hero himself, though he had been busy and under strain, felt able for a supreme effort.

"Give 'em your great run around right end, if you feel fresh enough," the young captain whispered to his Jap ally.

Sato did not speak or nod, nor give any sign that he heard.

Bounding to his position, he crouched, and the signal came.

It called for a fake at tackle back, and again Gaylord sprang back, bending forward all attention, as if ready to take the ball.

But as the ball came Gaylord, pretending to receive the ball—and bending forward as if to hug it closer—darted around Woodstock's right end.

McGuire and Everett dashed forward to block Egypt's left end, doing it splendidly.

In almost the same instant Manley and Gaylord had united with the Jap and formed his interference.

Gaylord was put out of the fight by a bigger man; but Sato, running not too wide around the end, was now off down the field at a terrific gait.

One of the halves was in his way, but Sato, with a swift, crouching spring-back, eluded him and was off once more.

Only the full-back was left. Manley got in grapple with him and Sato rushed onward.

There was nothing left but a sprint now, yet Manley's Jap ally ran as if pursued by a thousand demons.

Touchdown!

Hal scored on the kick for goal.

Twenty to four now!

Only three minutes of the half were left.

The two teams lined up, but the fighting was merely a scramble until the whistle blew.

Amid cheering the players broke and started for the locker house.

Suddenly Filson, right guard for the Egyptians, reeled, then pitched forward.

In an instant Emerson, Lawrence and others were at his side.

Filson was unconscious. His eyes were closed, and there were no signs of breathing as they turned the poor fellow over on his back.

"Another man's head pounded him hard over the heart in the last scrimmage. I saw it," explained Blanchard.

"Man hurt!"

That brought most of the remaining players to the spot.

"Doctor!"

It was something serious, then? The departing spectators turned to look, while Dr. Allen jumped nimbly over the rail of the grandstand and strode across the field.

Silently the medical man examined, and as he did so he heard the hushed explanations made by those around him.

"No pulse! No respiration. It's a heart knockout! I'm afraid the poor lad's done for," said Dr. Allen gravely.

"Not a bit of it!" roared Frank Manley's voice.

He came sprinting to the spot, followed by Inow Sato, whom he had just summoned in haste.

"Sato will show you the Japanese way to save life." Manley panted, as he gained the doctor's side.

"I am afraid he has a poor chance to show his skill here," said the medical man, smiling gravely as he again felt at the irresponsive pulse of Filson.

"Are you sure the man's dead?" demanded Frank.

"As dead as ever I expect him to be."

"Let me look," said Sato, in a low voice, as the others made way for him to approach.

Bending down, the Jap first felt of the stilled pulse. He studied the white face, then turned up one eyelid to gaze at the eyeball.

"Do you say he is dead, doctor?" asked Inow.

"Not a doubt of it!"

"Then you do not care if I try to save life?"

"What's the use of talking about it?" demanded the physician. "There is no life left to save."

"But you do not care if I try?"

"Of course not! Go ahead!"

"Stand back and give plenty of air," commanded the Jap. "Frank, I want you to help me."

Sato was bending at Filson's right. Frank knelt at the "dead" man's left.

Dr. Allen had risen. He stood looking down observantly but with out hope.

Sato made a quick examination to locate the exact spot of Filson's solar plexus at the pit of the stomach.

Over this the Jap raised his right hand, his fingers pointing upward toward Filson's head.

Then, with the heel of his hand, the Jap struck twice smartly, forcefully against Filson's plexus.

A sound that was half groan, half gasp came from between the white lips.

Dr. Allen smiled knowingly. This was nothing but the expelled air being forced over the vocal chords.

Sato glanced swiftly at Filson's face.

Next, with the heel of his right hand, Sato struck just once more over the plexus.

A thrill of wonder agitated the onlookers.

For Filson had opened his eyes, while at the chest there was a slight sign of breathing.

"Make him sit up—very gently," commanded Sato, and he and Frank tenderly raised the stricken player to a sitting posture.

At a sign and a word from the Jap Dr. Allen moved closer, supporting Filson in a sitting position from behind.

Now Sato and Manley seized Filson's wrists at either side, and, holding the arms out from the body, began to swing them around gently in circles.

As they did so the stricken man began to breathe more freely.

His eyes were filled with a wondering look, as if he were trying to puzzle out what had happened.

For some moments, and in silence, Frank and the Jap continued to swing Filson's arms in circles at his sides.

"How do you feel now?" asked the Jap, at last.

From Filson's lips came the faint answer:

"Better, I guess—thank you."

"That's right," nodded Inow, gravely. "Now we are going to help you to walk."

Very gently they raised the player to his feet, supporting him strongly.

"Try to walk," directed the Jap.

Filson obeyed. He would have fallen but for the support of his two companions.

By degrees, however, his strength came back to him. By the time that he had reached the locker house he was able to lift his feet sufficiently to ascend the steps.

"Make bed of old clothes," called out Sato.

Filson was allowed to rest on the bed that was hastily improvised.

His head was comfortably pillowed, but not very high.

"Now lie on back and take things easily," advised the Jap. "Do not try to move for while, but be sure to breathe as much fresh air as you can. You soon all right."

Those who had followed looked on in wondering silence.

Dr. Allen hurried up with a glass of water.

"Let him have this," urged the physician.

But Sato quickly pushed back the hand that held the glass. Then he led the medical man to one side.

"Give him anything to drink now and he die," said Sato, quietly.

"Why on earth do you say that?" demanded the physician, greatly puzzled.

"I cannot tell you why it is," responded Inow. "But every jiu-jitsu man knows that no drink can be given to man who has just been brought back to life like that."

"The water ought to freshen the young man up," argued the medical man.

But Frank interposed quickly:

"Doctor, since Mr. Sato has brought back to life a man whom you pronounced dead, don't you think he ought to have command right up to the end of the case?"

"You're right," acknowledged Dr. Allen. "But I must say that I'm staggered. I've seen something to-day that I never expected to see. It's wonderful—almost like the black art."

"There's no black art about it, though," smiled Frank. "It's just common sense. What you saw the jiu-jitsu men call 'kuatsu,' or the restoration of life. It won't be long before every doctor in the country will be expected to understand this work."

"I certainly want to," answered the amazed physician.

"A knowledge of kuatsu would save thousands of lives every year in this country," replied Frank.*

Dr. Allen, a vastly astonished man, now sat down to watch Filson, who, breathing regularly, was every minute growing stronger.

The players scattered to the two locker rooms to dress for the street.

Sato, after his words to the doctor, appeared to have no more to say. He stripped in silence, got under a shower bath, rubbed down, and then put on his street clothes.

All of his strange excitement before the game seemed to have returned.

Frank noted, and said nothing. But he took pains to be behind his Jap ally as the latter started to leave the locker room.

Pausing for an instant where Filson still lay, Sato looked at his man; then he said:

"You all right now, but do not move too quickly. Get your friends to help you dress. Do not be very active to-day. Go to bed early. To-morrow you will be all right."

Leaving the locker house, the Jap started to walk away rapidly.

Frank Manley was the only one who made a move to overtake him.

"Sato!" he called softly.

"Well?" demanded the Jap, looking back over his shoulder, but not slowing up.

Frank bounded forward to his friend's side.

"Inow, isn't it about time for you to tell me what happened to you?"

*The foregoing description gives minutely and accurately the method followed by jiu-jitsu men in bringing to patients who have succumbed to ordinary attacks of heart failure or of severe fainting. A knuckle or a finger-tip must never be used in striking the plexus. Always use the whole surface of the heel of the hand—that portion at the base of the palm and the root of the thumb. Jiu-jitsu men insist strongly that no liquor or other beverage, even water, be given the patient for at least an hour and a half after the patient has regained consciousness, as they aver that the swallowing of a beverage immediately after coming back to consciousness risks his life.—Physical Director.

"Why do you want to know?"

"Why do I want to know?" echoed Manley. "Do you think I take no interest in what happens to you?"

As the two youngsters walked side by side through the gate and turned down the street, Sato seemed to be reflecting swiftly.

At last he said:

"Perhaps; if you want, you can come."

"Where?"

"With me."

"Of course. But, see here, Sato; what is in the air?"

"Oh, I have something important to do," came the answer, accompanied by a queer smile.

"Is it connected with your disappearance?"

There was a quick, wild gleam in his friend's eyes that Manley did not like to see.

"Sato, something is wrong, and you should tell me what it is."

"Come with me and you shall see."

"Sato," cried the young captain of the Woodstocks, "there's a wicked kind of mischief in your eyes; something is going to happen."

The queer look in Sato's eyes was intensified as he retorted:

"Yes, surely something is going to happen!"

CHAPTER X.

SATO'S TONGUE PRIED LOOSE.

Something was in the air. Something out of the usual was going to happen.

Frank, knowing his Japanese friend as well as he did, scented something tragic.

Sato was angry, violently and dangerously so.

Could he be trusted to do that upon which he was bent without running himself into serious trouble?

True, the Jap had shown a clear enough head all through the game. He had played the keenest, best football of his life.

But then, that was the club's business. Could Inow be trusted to be as cool in attending to his own wrong? For this was plainly what he meant now to do.

After thinking a few moments as he walked along beside his almost silent ally, Frank looked backward over his shoulder, making a sign to Hal, who was trailing far to the rear.

As quickly as could be Spofford came up on the other side.

Sato half looked, slightly nodded.

To be sure, what Sato was going to do was his own business.

Yet it was his friends' business, too, to see that he did not hurl himself into any needless trouble.

Frank cast about quickly in his mind for a means of making the Jap loosen his tongue.

"Sato," asked our hero presently, "I wish you could answer me one question. How on earth did you happen to drink champagne with that fellow Crabbe?"

"I didn't. I never touch such stuff," the Jap retorted, indignantly.

"Why, Crabbe told us it was champagne, and the hotel waiter supported him, in his statement."

"Said it was champagne?" echoed Inow.

"Certainly."

"Then he lied—to you or to me."

"You drank something with Crabbe, didn't you?"

"Why, yes, surely."

"And he says it was champagne."

"Then he was great liar, for he told me it was cider made from pears."

"Oh, I see," nodded Manley. "You drank champagne under the impression that it was pear cider?"

"Yes. Oh, the great liar! But no matter. He shall pay well for what he did to me. Crabbe is such a villain—he ought to be killed."

"He isn't worth it," said Frank, in order to try to provoke the Jap into speech.

"He is not fit to live!" blazed Inow, Sato.

"Why, had Crabbe anything to do with your disappearance?" cried Frank.

"Everything!" came the quick, passionate, amazing reply. "It is because of Crabbe that I am in disgrace. Oh, he shall pay well for what he has done."

"See here, old chap," urged our hero quickly; "we must understand all about this."

"You shall, by and by. I promise you."

"No; we must know now," urged Frank.

"Not until I have seen that great rascal Crabbe!"

"No, no! We must go somewhere now and talk this over."

"I shall not do it!"

"But you must," seconded Hal.

"I shall not. First I must see Crabbe."

"What are you going to do to him?" demanded Frank, point-blank.

"I do not know yet."

"Sato, do you mean to do him bodily harm?"

"Wait and see!"

"By the great Dewey, I won't!" retorted Frank, hotly. "Sato, you are bent on getting yourself into trouble, and we simply are going to stop it."

"You can't stop me," retorted the Jap, his eyes blazing.

"I think I can, and I will!"

Frank's eyes were blazing, too, now, but his warmth came from the honest purpose to save a friend.

"Sato," spoke our hero firmly, "you must not think of going to see Crabbe until you have had a candid talk with Hal and myself."

"If you talk like that I shall leave you," retorted the Jap, sulkily.

"We are trying to save you from disagreeable consequences."

"Is Crabbe a friend of yours?" asked Inow, bitterly.

"Sato, if you said that in cold blood it would be an insult, and you would have to settle with me before you could go any further. But I know you are talking in hot blood now, and I let it pass. Now, you are going to be candid with Hal and myself—or the other thing must happen."

"What is it?" asked the Jap, smiling bitterly and displaying but little interest.

"If you do not treat us like friends, and allow us to be such, then we shall withdraw our friendship. Do you know what that means?"

"What does it mean?"

"It means that every other fellow in the club shall withdraw his friendship, too. You will be a stranger among the fellows."

Sato's eyes blazed again. He was on the point of replying angrily, but he checked himself.

"We have asked you to tell us what you mean to do to Crabbe," persisted Frank. "Are you ready to tell us that?"

"I shall hurt him—perhaps very much."

"How do you intend to hurt him?"

"Well, the rascal is always boasting about his big, strong arms. I shall throw him and break one of those arms—perhaps both arms."

"I thought there was something like that in the wind," clicked Frank. "Now, do you know what will happen if you try to do anything of that sort?"

"What will happen?"

"You will be guilty, in the eyes of the law, of a felonious assault, because you intend to do serious bodily harm. Crabbe can have you arrested and sent to State prison."

"I don't care," retorted Sato, recklessly.

"But we do, my boy. If you go ahead and break Crabbe's arms, he will be well again in a few weeks. Then he will come into court and will testify against you. You will be found guilty, and the judge, on a charge of felonious assault, will send you to prison for two or three years."

Sato looked serious, but he retorted, defiantly:

"No matter. Then I go to prison."

"Then Crabbe, any time he feels like it, can visit the prison, and will look at you in convict's dress, and will laugh to think you were stupid enough to give him a chance to send you there. Oh, Crabbe would go often to the prison and laugh at you."

"Laugh at me?" echoed Sato, his face taking on an indescribable look.

To the Japanese it is the height of degradation to be laughed at in public.

Frank knew that, and was playing cleverly on his friend's feelings in order to save him from just the trouble he had pictured.

"See here, Sato," went on Frank quickly, "you see that you do not understand our American laws. And you are so angry that if you do not look out you will do the very thing that Crabbe would be glad to have you do. Now,

if you really want to get even with this fellow, come with us and we will talk it over coolly; and we'll get up a plan that will even up things with your enemy without giving him a chance to do worse things to you. Come along."

Hal slipped his right arm through Sato's other arm, and together the trio walked down to Frank's store and into the little back office.

Only that day a carpenter had been there and had built up a solid wooden partition that gave real privacy.

Quite a few people had followed curiously at a distance. Some of them even ventured into the store on the pretense that they wanted to buy something. But the new walls of the office fooled them. What went on on the other side of the wall was as a sealed book.

"See here, old fellow," began Frank, briskly, "how did you happen to go into the hotel after leaving us and getting the money from Miss Eastman?"

"Why, I thought Crabbe and I had become pleasant friends enough. He had asked me to show him some of the Japanese exercises. So, as it was early, I thought I would go to hotel for little while. Crabbe was very pleasant. He asked me to drink some cider made from pears. Soon I felt not right, and so I decided to go home. I did not suspect anything, so I was pleasant when I said good-night. But I had not gone far when I fell down at side of road, and after that I remembered no more."

"Where was it that you fell?" Frank queried.

Sato told him. The locality was on a side street that was but dimly lighted at night.

"Next thing I know," exclaimed the Jap, his anger swiftly returning, "I was lying on my back in an old house. It was daylight, and I had handcuffs on my wrists. My feet were tied. Now do you think I do nothing to Crabbe?"

"Why, what had Crabbe to do with it all?"

"Jupiter, I see!" flashed Manley suddenly. "It must have been Crabbe, for nobody else had the chance."

"And then he takes me away and robs me."

"No; you're wrong there. It was not he who took you away. We know who did that, for we had already got that far on the matter."

Frank hastily detailed what the Up and At 'Em Boys had learned.

"Well, anyway," muttered the Jap, "it was Crabbe who put drug in drink for me. He was the great rascal, and with him I shall get even."

"Is the money all gone, too, Sato?" asked Frank, drumming thoughtfully on the table before him.

"Of course—all!"

"Crabbe can prove that he did not follow you from the hotel. We have looked into that. It looks as if Crabbe may have given you knockout drops in the hope that you would fall into the hands of a prowler, for certainly Crabbe didn't follow you away and rob you himself."

Frank was coolly speculative by this time. He was silent, but keenly thoughtful.

"All this is very good," said the Jap, sulkily; "but it doesn't help me punish rascal."

"And you can't punish him alone," said Frank, decisively. "You've got to leave the details to us. We'll do it coolly, and not let you get into a hole where Crabbe can come and laugh at you."

Sato, who had risen from his chair, sat down again.

"Hurry up!" he cried impatiently.

But Frank was fighting for time—for time, he hoped, would cool the Jap down a bit and make him more reasonable.

"Sato," asked our hero, suddenly, "why did you draw your money out of the Woodstock bank?"

"It was my own money."

"Of course. But it looked very queer that you should do it just before you disappeared with this other money."

"Does anybody dare say I am a thief?" cried the Jap, leaping up once more.

"We don't want to let any one even think it," replied Frank. "That is why I want to be able to clear the matter up."

"I drew my money out to put in Japanese bank in New York. It is there now. And, though it will take nearly all I have in bank, I shall make good money that was stolen from me."

"How did you get away from where you were confined?" was Frank's next question.

"The only way I could. The chain on handcuffs was very strong. I tried to break chain. I could not. But I kept on, hour after hour, day after day. Every time I tried chain became weaker. To-day it broke. Then I got ropes off my feet and got out of house. I walked to a farmer, and he helped me to file handcuffs off. Then I hurried to Woodstock. It was late. I hired man to take me to grounds in cab; he trusted me for the fare."

"While you were a prisoner, was there any one in the house with you?"

"Sometimes—a ragged-looking man."

"Describe him."

Sato did so. Frank and Hal exchanged glances.

"That was the same fellow that we got on the track of, all right," nodded Hal.

"When was the last time that you saw him?" questioned Manley.

"Last night."

"And you saw no one else while you were a prisoner?"

"No one."

"Then it was that man who fed you?"

"I was not fed."

"I have not eaten since last time I saw you," replied Sato quietly.

"Great Dewey!" uttered Spofford, leaping up. "Why didn't you say so?"

Hal was up and out like a shot. While he was gone Frank sat studying the wall.

Spofford quickly returned with a very decent meal on a tray, which he set before the Jap.

"Don't try to talk any more until you've got some food down," urged Hal.

Sato fell to eating, though he did not seem remarkably hungry.

"This does not punish Crabbe," remarked the Jap, as he pushed the tray away at last.

He was in a cooler mood now, but none the less determined on revenge.

"I am thinking more about how to cover the money loss just now," replied Frank.

"It will be paid. I shall pay it out of my own money," said Sato proudly. "Then I shall leave Woodstock."

Frank and Hal started at their friend, aghast.

"Oh, yes; surely it will be necessary," smiled Sato. "You understand I will have no more money, and must go to work to get some before I can keep on at school. It will take me year to earn and save enough money to go to school again."

"Don't think of it," broke in Frank promptly.

"But I must. I shall be what you Americans call 'busted.'"

"The fellows will find some way out of it for you. Remember, we have a club treasury."

"That is very good of you. But you forget that if you pay my expenses at school, or pay me any money at all, I shall no longer be amateur, and could not play in your club, or you would no longer be amateurs."

Frank saw the point of this clearly enough. But he insisted that some other way out of the difficulty would be found that would not make it necessary for Sato to leave Woodstock.

"But I shall go," said the Jap, simply, "and within two or three days at that. It will not be first time I have worked to get schooling."

This was a new phase of the affair to Frank. To lose Sato from the club struck him as being the most serious misfortune that could happen.

"Sato out of the club!" quivered Hal, inwardly. "Then we might as well lose Frank Manley, too, and disband! Where would the club be without those two—and what will it be without either?"

"You will stay with us, Sato. There must be some way out of it," muttered Frank, rising and pacing the narrow confines of the little office.

Sato smiled moodily.

"If you can find it, Frank, you are more clever than I thought."

CHAPTER XI.

THE THING THAT LUCAS DID.

"There's going to be some way out," declared Manley once more.

Yet he said it more because he longed for it than because he hoped or believed it could come true.

"But I am forgetting public opinion," muttered our hero, suddenly.

Dropping into his chair, he picked up a pen and wrote rapidly.

"I shall sign this bulletin and put it up in the window," he announced. "That will set Woodstock minds at rest about the money for the children's gym."

He read the following:

"Mr. Sato has returned safe and sound after a queer experience. No details can be given out just yet, but they will be by and by. The money belonging to the children's gymnasium will be turned over intact to the proper persons."

Hal nodding approval, Frank dashed his signature at the bottom, then stepped to the door of the office and told Tom Greenheart to paste the notice up in the show window.

"Now there can be no more gossip about the money," muttered Frank. "We'll have time to think out the most important phases of the matter."

"Gracious, what a long time we've been talking!" cried Hal, after a look at his watch. "It is almost seven o'clock."

"Never mind," retorted Frank. "This is likely to be a late session."

Tom knocked at the door, then entered.

"Note for you, Mr. Manley," he reported, passing an envelope, and then departed.

Frank tore open the envelope and glanced at the sheet that was inside.

He uttered a snort of disgust.

"From Crabbe," he muttered.

"What does he want?" demanded Hal, while Sato burned in sullen silence.

"Oh, Crabbe reminds me that he has been here all the week hoping to make sales of apparatus to our club, to the girls' club, and to the children's gymnasium. He reminds me that he is giving a public reception to-night, which will be his last night in Woodstock. He hopes that, as I have the decision about all the apparatus he hopes to sell, that I will make it a point to be on hand to-night and honor him with my orders."

"Send him word," snapped Hal, "that he won't sell a cent's worth in Woodstock. Tell him to clear out."

"Not a bit of it," smiled Manley. "Let him keep on hoping, that he's going to do business with us. The disappointment will be all the keener in the end. And, besides, we want him to stay right where he is until we have decided just how we are going to punish him. I wouldn't let him get away for the world just now. So I'll send him word that I shall make it a point to see him to-night, but that I can't state just when I shall be able to get there. That will hold him."

Manley quickly penned the note and passed it out to Greenheart.

"Where's Manley?" demanded a voice, just after the door had closed on Tom. "I must see him. No; I can't wait."

"That's Lucas," said Frank, quickly. "He is one of the fellows I had out to-day looking for clues of you. I'll let him see you."

Frank opened the door, calling to Lucas, who rushed in breathless.

"A great yarn, Frank—a long one!" cried Lucas, as soon as he was in the office.

"Cut it short, then, for you see we have Sato back."

"But you know how you sent Butler and me out to watch along the road to Barberville?" asked Lucas hastily.

"Yes."

"Well, we caught sight of our man."

"The one who kidnapped Sato?"

"The very same."

"Go on," ordered Manley, full of interest now.

"Well, we thought he looked a little too powerful for us to tackle," explained Lucas. "He seemed mighty excited—half crazy about something. I suppose he had just found that Sato was gone."

"Well?"

"That fellow went along through the woods not far from the house. Butler and I saw him go to an old, half dead tree. He reached in through a hole and up inside the trunk. He took out something wrapped in a newspaper. Butler and I couldn't see what it was. But the fellow gave it a good looking-over. Then he put it back in the trunk of the tree, whatever it was, and started away."

"You don't mean to say that you don't know now what that something was?" asked Frank, leaping to his feet.

"I'm coming to that," resumed Lucas. "When the fellow started away again he seemed to be heading for Woodstock. Butler followed him, and I hit for the old tree."

"Well, of course it did not take long to get hold of that little parcel in the newspaper. I threw away the newspaper, but I've got the contents of the parcel here."

With a triumphant look Lucas drew from one of his pockets a very substantial-looking roll of bills.

He passed the money to Sato, who pounced upon it with a yell of joy.

"Is it all there?" asked Manley, breathlessly.

"Sato will have to tell you," finished Lucas. "I didn't have any time to count it."

"Why not?"

"As I stood there looking at the money I heard steps on the hard, frozen ground. There was just time for me to duck out of sight. Once I got out of sight I got further away," laughed Lucas.

"It was the same fellow returning?" asked Frank.

"Yep. He must have changed his mind about leaving the money hidden there. And then—say, talk about a war-dance! I thought that hobo was going clean crazy, the way he acted!

"Of course Butler was still on the trail, too. When our man had pulled himself together a bit he went staggering along the back road to Woodstock. We kept after him

until I got close to town and left Butler and hurried here. But he kept on after our hobo, and we believed the fellow was heading for his lodgings with Mrs. Mullen. That's my yarn."

"And the best tale I've heard in many a day," greeted Manley.

"Money all here but ten dollars," announced Inow Sato, glancing up with a beaming face after counting it.

"Pshaw, old fellow, you can make that little bit up without going broke," laughed Manley. "And see here!"

Sato looked at his chum keenly.

"We're headed for the humble abode of the Widow Mullin," elicited our hero.

"To nab the hobo!" added Hal, also jumping up.

"Of course. Come on, fellows!"

Even as they left the little back office there was a summons at the telephone.

Butler was at the other end of the wire, with the news that the trampish-looking fellow had entered the Mullin home.

"It's a straight course before a fair wind!" chuckled Manley. "Come along hot-foot, fellows."

They were soon on the side streets, where a few youngsters running would be likely to attract but little attention.

On their way Butler joined them from the house from which he had telephoned.

"Why didn't Mrs. Mullin notify the police, as she promised, I wonder?" asked Frank.

"Don't believe she knows the fellow is in her house," answered Butler.

"Doesn't know he's in her house?"

"No; the rascal let himself in without ringing the bell."

Just as the young runners turned the street corner they came upon the landlady.

She was running up the street, looking as if she had seen a ghost.

"Oh, Mr. Manley," she cried, stopping short, and all but out of breath, "oh, that dreadful man! And I didn't know he was in the house until the shot——"

"Shot?"

"Yes. The gentleman——"

"Gentleman?" smiled Frank.

"The dirty rascal has blown his brains out!"

"What's that?" Manley fairly jumped.

"It's the truth," protested Mrs. Mullin, in a horrified voice. "The gent—that awful wretch had the nerve to steal upstairs into his own room. He fired only one shot, but that was enough. He's past the help of mortal human beings."

Frank walked rapidly on, followed by the shocked landlady, who, in snatches, gave him unimportant details of the little she knew of the tragedy.

"The police ought to be notified," said Frank, suddenly. "Butler, go back and 'phone Chief Griscomb."

"The rest of the youngsters entered the house, where they found the other lodgers in a ferment of excitement.

"You can go up without me," declared the landlady, tremulously. "I don't want another look at that horrible sight."

As they stepped into the room, past two of the male lodgers who, pipe in mouth, stood by the door, the Up and At 'Em Boys beheld the ragged man, in shirt-sleeves, still lying on the floor.

There was a powder-marked hole in his forehead, a pool of blood on the floor. The revolver that had been used lay close to the dead man's right hand.

"That's the man," said Sato, coolly.

"You identify him positively?" inquired our hero.

"Positively."

Frank's glance roved swiftly around the bare room. On a table lay a sheet of paper, and the ink in which the words had been scrawled was yet hardly dry.

Manley snatched up the paper and read it; but those who watched him saw no change in his calm face.

"We can do nothing more here," said Manley, drily. "We know that the—the man—who harmed Sato is now here dead. He is past our punishment. Let us go."

Even the imperturbable Jap was willing to depart from the squalid room with its grewsome sight.

Down at the door Manley encountered Chief Griscomb of the Woodstock police.

He drew the chief aside, whispered, and finally said:

"If you will let me keep the paper for a little while, chief, I will guarantee that it will be returned to you."

Griscomb nodding, Frank signed to the other fellows to leave with him.

"Well, it's ended," said Manley. "Sato, you're safe, and you've got the money back, or most of it. The wretch who robbed you has punished himself. Shall we let the matter drop here?"

Sato's brow darkened.

"What about that great rascal, Crabbe?" he demanded.

Frank laughed.

"So Crabbe must be disposed of, too, eh?"

"Do you think I could let him go, after dirty trick he played on me?"

"But you practically promised to leave Crabbe to me," protested Frank. "No matter. We'll see what can be done. He's holding his public reception this evening. I guess we're about due there, aren't we?"

CHAPTER XII.

MR. CRABBE WALKS BACKWARD.

By ingenious hustling and pushing Mr. Jeremiah Crabbe had succeeded in making the "public reception" a good deal of a success, so far as attendance went.

At that moment, between the followers of the Woodstock Juniors, the relatives and friends of the members of the

girls' club, and those who were interested in the organization of the children's free gym, there were a great many people in Woodstock interested in gymnastics.

Probably a couple of hundred people had turned out to give Mr. Crabbe an opportunity to demonstrate what could be accomplished with the line of gymnasium goods for which he traveled.

Even the Dunstons were there, as they happened to drop into town for a little while and heard what was going on.

With them was Kitty's chum, Grace Scott.

Jeremiah was at his best, so far as the game of voluble talk went.

But every other minute he glanced toward the door to see if he could catch a glimpse of Frank Manley, upon whom the success of Crabbe's mission for a week would depend.

Ah, here, at last, was promise!

"Come right forward, Captain Manley!" hailed Jeremiah. "Come right forward. We've been waiting for you. I have been explaining to all our friends here how much I hoped for your interest in these splendid pieces of gymnasium apparatus."

"I guess we're going to be able to do some business together," was Frank's cheery answer, as he accepted the invitation and moved forward through the throng.

"Good! That's great!" beamed Jeremiah. "I knew that we could get on together once you had a good view of my goods."

"But, first of all, Mr. Crabbe, I would like to ask you a question or two."

"A dozen—a hundred," proclaimed the salesman, willingly.

"I'd like to ask you if you know anything about the reason for Mr. Sato's temporary disappearance?"

"Me?" asked Jerry, changing color swiftly. Then, as his old, impudent self-possession came back to him, he answered:

"Of course I don't know anything more about it than other people around here do."

"Then I'm going to offer you a little information," went on Frank coolly. "I shall have to quote from a paper that I hold in my hand. In fact, I'll read the document."

It ran:

"Brother Jerry: It ain't no use. There's no luck in being a crook nowadays. I couldn't be lucky if I found a bank vault open and nobody looking. I thought I was going to have luck with the Jap sleeper you tipped me off to for revenge. You certainly gave him enough knockout drops. But it wasn't no use. The Jap got away from me, and then the money got away, too. There ain't no luck left for me, and I'm tired of it all. I wish I'd always been honest, like you.

"BILL CRABBE."

At the first words of the note Jeremiah's face had undergone a change impossible to describe. He had been stand-

ing with his back to a door. As the reading progressed he edged nearer and nearer to the door, moving backward, inch by inch, and keeping his fascinated gaze on Manley's face.

The abrupt winding-up of the letter brought a dramatic pause, during which every eye in the room seemed to join in arresting Jeremiah's further movement.

Those eyes coldly challenged explanation, too.

"I—I don't understand," choked Mr. Crabbe. "What's this letter to me?"

"It was written by your brother," retorted Frank. "From the tone of the letter it would appear that your brother was the black sheep of the family—not honest like the rest of you! But we'll say nothing unkind of the brother, for just after signing this sheet he pulled a trigger and ended his life."

Jeremiah sputtered, choked, gasped, but could say nothing. Feeling for the door-knob behind him, he suddenly wrenched the door open, slid through, and closed it after him.

A rush started. Sato seemed bent on heading the pursuit, but Frank and Hal drew him back.

"Let the poor wretch go," urged our hero. "He is utterly done for. He won't dare come back here. And he can't keep his job, either, after this episode. Let him go. He's heavily punished."

So there was no pursuit. Jeremiah Crabbe, who had justified his second name by walking backward out of the sight of Woodstock, was not again seen in the town.

Nor is he employed as a salesman by the company whose goods he tried in vain for a week to sell.

But Frank, having the public ear in that room, told then and there the whole of what had befallen his Jap ally.

Whereupon the "reception" planned by Jeremiah turned out to be wholly a function in honor of the popular little Japanese student.

So much good-will was apparent, and so embarrassing did it become that presently Sato escaped it all on the sly, and hurried to his room in another part of the town.

Jeremiah Crabbe's apparatus was still there, waiting a claimant; but the people who had gathered had lost all interest in so prosy a subject.

Hal, it may be noted, had early abandoned his companions, and was now at one side of the room talking with Miss Scott.

"Grace is here only until to-morrow afternoon," confided Kitty. "Don't you think it would be kindness to Hal to bring him up to the house to-night?"

"Surely," agreed our hero. "But it would be so infernally late by the time that we got our supper and got up there."

"If two very demure and bashful young ladies put their invitation meekly enough, do you think you and Hal could be induced to come up and eat with us? Our supper, also; is waiting. And we haven't all sat at table together these many days."

"Why, that would be jolly," cried Frank. "But I am afraid your father might look upon us as nuisances."

"If I put any damper on the idea," laughed Mr. Dunstan, "I am very certain that I shall be treated at home as a nuisance for days to come. So you and Hal would better accept and save me from such unhappiness."

Frank thereupon promptly accepted for Hal and himself, nor did he get into any trouble with his chum through doing so.

Yet, before going up the hill it was natural that both youngsters should hasten home to account for themselves, and also to pay some heed to their attire for so auspicious an occasion as a supper at the house on the hill.

Yet, later in the evening Frank suddenly bethought himself of his little Jap ally.

"I really ought to know how he is. If the poor chap is sick I don't want to leave him neglected among strangers. May I use your telephone?"

Sato reported at the other end of the wire. He was all right, he assured Manley, and proved it by declaring he was hard at work over his lessons.

"Has that anger vanished, Sato?" our hero asked, smilingly.

"What anger?"

"Well, do you still wish you had broken Crabbe's arms?"

"No; I can't say that I do."

"You are satisfied with my way of getting square, then?"

"Surely I am," came the response.

"Well, after all, you broke something worse than the fellow's arm."

"What was that, Frank?"

"You broke the fellow's immaculate nerve."

"I am satisfied, Frank."

"I'm glad you are, old man. There's generally a better way out of anything—a better way than violence."

"I think perhaps that is so."

"Until Monday, then—good-night."

"Good-night!"

Ringling off, Frank suddenly bethought himself of Joe Prescott, who had not been present at the dramatic scene at the hotel.

So our hero called up Prescott and gave him a brief but graphic account of what had happened.

"You may have wondered what had happened to me," Joe supplied, in turn. "But I had a telegram to meet Uncle Eb. He is home, and has brought Mr. Mowbray with him. They're a great old pair when they get to talking together about the West. But Uncle Eb can't get over being rich. It really seems as if he thought once more that he was worth millions."

"How does it seem, Joe, to be an heir to real money?"

"Heir be hanged!" growled Prescott. "I don't have to wait to be an heir. Uncle Eb would turn over his whole pile to me at once if I gave him a ghost of a bit of encouragement."

"There must be two or three friends left whom you've

forgotten to call up," remarked Miss Kitty, stealing into the library, where the instrument was.

"No; I'm through with my calls," replied Manley, hanging up the receiver and ringing off.

"Really?" demanded Miss Dunstan, as if in doubt.

"Where do I settle?" asked Frank, audaciously.

"For what?"

"For the use of the telephone."

"Nonsense!"

"No, it isn't," retorted Manley. "I've used two calls, and I must leave the tolls somewhere."

Before she divined his intention he had caught her, and was holding her very firmly.

"Let me go," demanded Kitty, with a pout that may not have been sincere.

"Not until I've settled the tolls."

"It's very little use in trying to get away from a fellow as strong as you are," she remarked, in a tone of surrender.

"Good enough," chuckled Frank.

The "toll" was paid on the spot.

"That reminds me," smiled Frank, "that I have used this same telephone on other occasions."

"If you have I think the score must have been settled at the time."

"I like to make sure of such a matter, anyway," retorted Frank.

Probably some tolls had been paid in advance by the time that the young people walked demurely in to where Hal and Grace awaited their coming at the card table.

THE END.

The Thanksgiving game is always the greatest football event of the season. That may have been the reason why "Physical Director" saved his best football story of all for next week. "FRANK MANLEY'S TANDEM TRICK; OR, HOW HAL SPOFFORD FOOLED THE ENEMY" will be published complete in No. 12 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week. It is a grand story of football and other things that happen around Thanksgiving time.

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 43.

There is a disease that is alarmingly prevalent in this country.

By very many this affliction is not looked upon in the light of a disease.

I refer to constipation. I believe it is time to have a direct talk with my readers on this subject, knowing, as I do from experience, that if my readers are an average lot of young Americans, this subject will interest at least forty per cent of them.

Very many of you may have the notion that, if such a trouble ever comes to you, relief may easily be found in the use of any one of several physics. I wish to perform a great service for you by destroying all your faith in physics.

Yet, first of all, let me say that constipation, apart from its own discomforts, is a very fruitful cause of general breakdown among our young people.

If you are seriously troubled with this malady, be on your guard! It may lead to a general breakdown.

I have spoken about the folly of using physics. Did you ever know of a single case where physics cured constipation? No; and you never will find such a case.

Yet there is a cure for it, and a very simple one. I will describe to you the system of cure that I have ordered repeatedly, and I have NEVER known a case of failure where the pupil followed orders to the letter.

The cure is in diet and in exercise.

It has been known for a long time that whole or shredded wheat is the arch enemy of constipation. This wheat food, therefore, should form the basis of a diet for one who is afflicted.

Eat the wheat at every meal. Eat it with any of the fresh vegetables that you like, and eat these vegetables uncooked whenever you can.

The potato has no place in such a diet. Neither have white bread, pies nor cake.

Meat is one of the direct causes of constipation. While attempting to cure yourself, therefore, leave meat heroically alone. Don't fear that dropping the meat will make you weak. Whole or shredded wheat is a whole lot more strengthening than meat at any time.

Leave eggs and cheese alone. Beans, on the other hand—and especially when baked—are excellent for you. Eat all the fruit you want, except bananas.

Fish, boiled or baked—but never fried!—will make palatable and useful food while you are undergoing the cure.

Leave out all forms of starchy food. Eat an apple or two just a little while before turning in.

The first thing on arising in the morning drink a pint of water just as hot as you can endure it. This hot water flushes out the intestines in grand style.

Drink as much more water as you can all through the day, except during or near meal times. No beverage whatever should be taken with the meals.

Rice, tapioca, sago and barley are among the starchy foods that must be avoided.

Now for the exercise part of it. The exercises that aid most in cases of constipation are those that affect the muscles of the waist line.

The very best kind of exercise, therefore, is to be found in the abdominal drills described in Nos. 28 and 32 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly*. These drills should be gone through with most faithfully twice every day.

Then, too, the stationary running described in No. 23 of *The Young Athlete's Weekly* should be taken up twice daily.

When you start in with the diet and exercise cure stop the use of all physics suddenly and permanently.

Though physics will bring temporary relief, they always leave the victim in worse shape afterward.

So, after you have gone into training for the cure of constipation, remember that even the use of physic for just one time sets back your cure just that much.

The method I have laid down is worthless if you go on taking cathartics. In fact, there is no form of cure possible for the foolish person who goes on employing cathartics.

Cathartics themselves cause more constipation than does anything else. Once you begin with them you are likely to become a slave to them.

Don't be led by wonderful advertisements about the great things that cathartics will do. The proprietors of all quack medicines fatten on the ignorance and misery of their victims. Cathartics won't and can't do anything but give your malady a tighter grip on you than ever before.

Stick to diet and exercise. Don't forget the pint of hot water in the morning, nor the apples at night.

Now, as to the going back to the use of meat and other prohibited articles of food later on, you can do that in moderation once you have actually cured the constipation.

Yet don't be in too much of a hurry to take up again with the foods that provoke the disease—for disease it is, and of the most dangerous sort!

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as Frank Manley's Weekly is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Allegheny, Pa., August 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading Frank Manley's Weekly, and there is nothing like it. I take the liberty to ask a few questions. I am 13 years 7 months old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 87 pounds; chest, contracted 28 inches, expanded 30 inches; waist, 28 inches. (1) How is my weight in comparison with my height? (2) How is my chest measurements? (3) How is my waist measurement? (4) I take a sponge bath every morning. Is that enough, or should I take one in the evening?

Yours truly,
Tom Williams.

(1) A little under; you are growing fast. (2) Needs improvement. (3) Three inches too large. (4) In addition take warm baths three times a week before retiring.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all the issues of your splendid weekly in print, I take the opportunity to ask the following questions: (1) I am too tall for my weight, but only 18 years old. By the use of proper food and exercise, can I be well developed at 21? (2) My work is such that, until school begins, the only time for exercise I have is about 9 or 10 o'clock p. m. Is this much more beneficial than harmful? (3) Is the use of barber's massage cream, three times a week, good to keep the skin of the face in better condition? (4) I drink three or four sodas a day at a reliable drug store. If they are not iced are these harmful? (5) Of whom and at what price can I obtain a book on the United States Army drills? (6) Is a shampoo (egg) three times a week and a daily scalp massage good to prevent dandruff and falling hair? (7) Are heavy work and quick muscle building that require very rigid and tense muscles and exertion good if practised with light, quick work? Hoping it will be convenient for you to answer these questions fully, I will close, wishing Physical Director, Frank Tousey and the Up and At 'Em Boys long life and prosperity. I thank you kindly in advance.

Carl Baker.

(1) Emphatically, yes! (2) Better than no time. (3) No. That stuff can't take the place of diet, bathing, outdoor air and exercise. (4) Not particularly. (5) Ask your bookseller. (6) A good shampoo twice a week with warm water and pure soap, and a dry friction scalp massage twice a day will do the trick vastly better. (7) Good in moderation only.

Pittsburg, Pa., August 12, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all your Frank Manley's Weeklies up to date, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. Age, 16 years 6 months; weight, 100 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 34 inches; biceps, 9½ inches; forearms, 10½ inches; calves, 13 inches; neck, 12½ inches; height, 5 feet 3 inches. (1) Please tell me how to gain weight. (2) What are my strong and weak points? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

A Penn Admirer.

Measurements good. You are not too light. Splendid chest expansion.

August 9, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I wait some time ago for one-half dozen Frank Manley's Weeklies. I received them last Monday morning, and got so interested in them

that I was through with them before I knew it. Here are some of my measurements: Age, 16 years; height, 5 feet 6¼ inches; weight, 145 pounds; chest, normal 34 inches, expanded 38 inches; waist, 33 inches; thighs, 21 inches; calves, 14½ inches; ankles, 10 inches; broadness of shoulders, 19 inches; neck, 14 inches. How are my measurements compared with others of my age? I can run one-half mile in 4 minutes easily and lots of wind to spare. I think nothing of swimming one-half mile. I do not use tobacco in any form, and drink nothing but water and milk. Inclosed find five cents in stamps. Please send me a copy of the magazine you put this small letter in so I can see what the answers are to my questions.

From an admirer and athlete,
L. T. A.

You are a big fellow for your age. Pay especial attention (daily) to abdominal exercises in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and keep up general exercise besides. Your running and swimming are good, but try to work up gradually to a five-mile jog.

Lancaster, N. Y., August 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 14 years old; height, 4 feet 10 inches; neck, 13½ inches; waist, 29 inches; thighs, 18 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 9¼ inches; wrists, 6 inches; calves, 11¾ inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 33¾ inches; around shoulders, 31 inches, across 15½ inches; hips, 31 inches around, 15½ inches across; weight, — pounds. (1) How are my proportions? (2) What are my weak points? (3) What are my strong points? (4) Is riding a bicycle good exercise? (5) What exercise would you advise for a boy of my age? (6) How can I make my ankles stronger? (7) What pound dumbbells should I use? Hoping to see this in print, I remain, with three cheers for Frank Manley and his Up and At 'Em Boys,

Yours truly,
P. G. Sandel.

(1) Generally good. (2) Waist too large; chest expansion too small. (3) Simply fair average. (4) I have answered this question several times. (5) General exercise. (6) Sato's leg work in No. 7 of Frank Manley's Weekly. (7) Two pounds.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Frank Manley's Weekly and think it fine. How are my measurements? Age, 12 years; height, 4 feet 11½ inches; weight, 93 pounds; chest, normal 30 inches, expanded 32 inches; neck, 12 inches; waist, 26 inches; wrists, 6¼ inches; calves, 15½ inches; knees, 13½ inches. (1) What are my weak and strong points? I will close, hoping to see this in print.

Yours truly,
Charley Bush.

You are a big fellow at your age. Trim down your waist-line.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of your library, of which I am very fond. My age is 12 years; height, 5 feet ½ inch; weight, 90 pounds; chest, normal 28½ inches, expanded 31½ inches; thighs, 15½ inches; calves, 12 inches; knees, 12¾ inches; above knees, 12 inches; biceps, normal 8½ inches, expanded 9½ inches; neck, 7 inches; shoulders, 15½ inches, around shoulders, 31 inches; waist, 25½ inches; wrists, 5¼ inches; forearm, 8½ inches; ankles, 8 inches. Running broad jump,

7 feet; pole vault, 6½ feet. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how can I improve them? (3) Am short-winded. (4) Have weak arms; can I cure it? (5) Is swimming good exercise?

(1) Very good, except that your waist-line is a little too large, and you have misstated neck measurement. (2) Train down your waist. (3) Go in well for deep breathing and running. (4) Exercise your arms. (5) Of course. Why should you ask this? You failed to sign your letter.

Stoneville, August 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 19 years old; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight 139 pounds in street clothes; neck, 14 inches; chest, 33½ inches; waist, 29 inches; thighs, 19¼ inches; calves, 13¼ inches; ankles, 9 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 10 inches; wrist, 7 inches. I work in a factory and have to do a great deal of lifting and walking. As I have to be at work at 6.45 every morning, I do not have much time for exercise. Have an enormous appetite and drink a great deal of tea. (1) Please point out all defects and tell me how to remedy them. (2) How can I gain weight? (3) What kinds of food do you think would be best for me to eat? Thanking you very much, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Frank Hilton.

You appear to be in good shape; you do not state chest expansion, however. (2) Chew your food very thoroughly, and drink no beverages with meals, but plenty of water between meals. Milk will increase your weight, but you should rinse each mouthful well in your mouth before swallowing. (3) Have discussed this very fully in the Talks lately.

New Haven, Conn., August 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, and I am pleased to write to you in regard to my weight and measurements. I have strong leg muscles, but the muscles on my arms are weak, and I also have trouble with my heart, though very seldom. Age, 14 years 11 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 97 pounds; chest, normal 26 inches, expanded 26½ inches. (1) Are my measurements all right? (2) Please give me some advice to strengthen my arm muscles. Hoping to see this in print, I remain,

Yours truly,
Joe Shannon.

(1) Proportion appears to be all right, but the statement about your chest expansion is meaningless. (2) Use horizontal bar and go in for Frank Manley's bag drills, described in Nos. 2, 3 and 4 of Frank Manley's Weekly. Your heart trouble, just as likely as not, is due to the stomach, but you should have a physician to examine you.

New York, August 8, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty to tell you my measurements. I am 14 years old; height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 103½ pounds; neck, 13¼ inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 34¼ inches; waist, 30¼ inches; thighs, 20¾ inches; calves, 13¼ inches; shoulders, 16 1-8 inches; reach, 80 inches; arms, 10½ inches; wrists, 7½ inches. (1) Are my measurements good? (2) What are my weak points? (3) Am I too big? (4) How far should I run? (5) How far should I swim?

Yours truly,
Wm. J. Robertson.

P. S.—Which is the best way to start an athletic club?

(1) Yes. (2) No really bad points. (3) No. (4 and 5) As far as you can with comfort. Read Talks, Nos. 21 and 22.

Portsmouth, O., August 4, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of Frank Manley's Weeklies to date, and think it is the best weekly published. The following are my measurements: Age, 15 years; height, 5 feet ¼ inch; weight, 87 pounds; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, around, 17 inches; chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 32 inches; waist 27 inches; thighs, 19 inches; hips,

30 inches; calves, 14½ inches; ankles, 8 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points, and how may I improve them? (3) How can I increase my weight? Wishing success to Physical Director and Frank Tousey, I remain,

An Admirer of Frank Manley.

(1) Can be improved by all-around training. (2) Waist too large; go in for abdominal drills. Calves too small; running will improve them. By chewing your food to fine pulp before swallowing. Use plenty of milk, but rinse well around in mouth before swallowing.

New Orleans, La., August 3, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being an ardent admirer of Frank Manley's Weekly, I desire to ask you a few questions about my size. Weight, 135 pounds; height, 5 feet 7 inches; chest, normal 32 inches, expanded 36 inches; neck, 14 inches; biceps, normal 10 inches, expanded 11 inches; wrists, 7 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 14 inches; waist, 29 inches. (1) What are my strong and weak points, and how can I remedy them? (2) I am a little round-shouldered. How can I remedy that? (3) Do you think I could become an athlete?

Yours truly,

An Admirer.

(1) You average up well. (2) By making it a practice to stand erect and also by practicing "chinning" on the horizontal bar. (3) Yes.

Cleveland, O., August 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I am 15 years 3 months old; weight, 123 pounds; height, 5 feet 2½ inches; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 31 inches. I can chin myself 20 times, both hands, but not once with only one hand. I run about two miles every morning, and about 8 p. m. nearly five miles on a wheel. I enjoy all exercises, especially tennis, which I think is fine for all boys. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How can I learn to chin myself with one hand? (3) Is wheeling all right when one does not ride cramped over? (4) Are tomatoes unhealthful? I have read every one of your weeklies and think they are fine. Hoping you will answer this, I am,

Your friend,

W. Q.

(1) You are very large, and your waist-line needs trimming down. (2) There's only one way—keeping at it. (3) Yes, if he does not scorch or ride too far. But a good run or walk is, in my opinion, worth more. (4) I never heard that tomatoes are unhealthful. Through the summer I took the chance of eating them every day.

August 6, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I will send my measurements, hoping you can benefit me, and thanking you in advance. Age, 17 years 6 months; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 106 pounds; right arm, 8½ inches; left arm, 9 inches; chest, 30 inches; waist, 27 inches. My right arm has had the knuckle broken in it. This was done last October. I have very good use of it, except when I throw a ball very hard a few times it pains me. The object of this letter is to find out some exercise that will keep me in good health. I work in a printing office and don't get much exercise. I carry papers early in the morning, about 6 o'clock, and come back and eat, and go to work, which is about a mile from home. (1) Is this enough exercise in the morning? I quit at 6 o'clock. (2) How should I put in my time then? I have the use of a pair of two-pound clubs and horizontal bar. (3) Will it be good for me to trot a mile each night (at about 8 o'clock), beginning at a quarter of a mile and increasing the distance till I can stand the whole without any trouble? (4) What is meant by being muscle-bound? I am very sorry for using up so much room, but this is the shortest I can make my letter.

Very respectfully,

Carl C.

(1) Yes, I think so in your case. (2) In the evening, go in for general exercise and some running. Take up Manley's different bag drills, and work with light clubs and bells. (3) Yes, and you cannot run in the morning. Yet

can't you run while delivering the papers? (4) One becomes muscle-bound when he works too strenuously, and gets big muscles that afterward stiffen.

Caney, Kan., August 5, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Frank Manley's Weekly, and like it better than any other book. I would like you to answer a few questions. I am 5 feet 4 inches in height; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 33 inches; waist, 27½ inches; shoulders, 17 inches; arms, 27½ inches; forearms, 9½ inches; hips, 32 inches; calves, 13 inches; wrists, 7 inches. (1) How long should you stay in the water when swimming? How are my measurements? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

R. E.

Yours truly,

P. S.—I weigh 104 pounds.

Fifteen minutes in the water is usually long enough for a boy. As to measurements, you are a little under weight and your waist too large.

Camden, N. J., August 22, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, which is the best weekly paper published, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. I am 4 feet 11 inches tall, and weigh 92 pounds. I can jump 6 feet 1 inch on a stand, and 8 feet 4 inches on a run. I can run a mile in 8 minutes 36 seconds, and 100 yards in 17 seconds. (1) How is my weight? (2) How can I grow taller? (3) How is my jumping? (4) How is my running? (5) Am I suitable for long or short distance running?

Yours forever,

N. F. W.

(1) Good. (2) By exercising faithfully as you grow older. (3 and 4) Both call for improvement. (5) Work until you have made better records, and then I can judge better.

August 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of the best weekly on the market, I take the liberty to ask you a few questions. My age is 13 years 6 months; weight, 81½ pounds. My measurements are: Height, 4 feet 10 inches; waist, 26½ inches; chest, normal 26½ inches, expanded 29½ inches; around hips, 33 inches; thighs, 16¼ inches; neck, 12 inches; calves, 12 inches; wrists, 6 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points and how can I develop them? (3) What kind of exercise should I take to become an all-around athlete?

Yours very truly,

H. H. G.

(1) Too much waist; chest expansion fine; other measurements satisfactory. (2) Train down waist-line by abdominal drills described in Nos. 28 and 32 of The Young Athlete's Weekly. (3) All-around exercise, especially outdoors!

Wichita Falls, Tex., August 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As I am a constant reader of your fine weekly, I thought I would take liberty in giving you my measurements. Age, 16 years; height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 130 pounds; chest, normal 31 inches, contracted 29 inches, expanded 33 inches; shoulder to shoulder, 19 inches; wrists, 6 inches; forearm, 9 inches; biceps, 10 inches; neck, 13½ inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 29 inches; ankles, 9 inches; thighs, 18 inches; calves, 13 inches. (1) How am I proportioned? (2) What are my weak points and strong ones? (3) What would you advise to fill out a pale and hollow face? Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

Yours truly,

C. O. D.

(1) You are slender and under weight. (2) Not sufficient chest expansion. (3) Simply go in for the all-around training life, remembering that proper eating and the thorough chewing of food, the use of water freely, inside and out, and deep breathing are fully as important as exercise.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I take the liberty of asking your opinion of my measurements. Age, 15 years 3 months; height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 115 pounds; chest, nor-

mal 32 inches, expanded 35 inches; waist, 29 inches; forearm, 10¼ inches; upper arm, normal 8½ inches, expanded 10 inches; neck, 13 inches; wrists, 7 inches; shoulder, 18 inches; calves, 13¼ inches; hips, 29 inches. (1) What exercise do you think would be best for me? (2) How can I broaden my shoulders? (3) What do you think of my measurements and what are my weak points?

Yours very truly,

H. E. Maurer.

(1) General gymnastic exercises, and running and other outdoor sports, just as in the case of any other boy. (2) Do some horizontal bar and bag-punching work and much of the bag work explained in the first five numbers of Frank Manley's Weekly, in which full directions are given for making apparatus yourself. Your measurements are those of a boy who is growing much faster than the average. You can win a splendid physique if you will take earnest care of yourself. You need badly at least two inches more of chest expansion and fully two inches, if not three, less of waist line. Go in for deep breathing and the chest expanding drill in No. 27 of The Young Athlete's Weekly, and take up the abdominal drills in Nos. 28 and 32 of the same weekly.

Galveston, Tex., August 14, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read your interesting weekly ever since its debut, and will continue to do so if the stories keep up to their usual standard. I notice you speak of deep breathing. I am a firm believer in this method of exercise, as I have practiced it for some years, at least two, and my chest expansion is now five inches. My way of doing it is, I believe, a little different from yours. At six o'clock I stand with my face to the east and with my hands on my hips I breathe slowly inward, through the nostrils, and at the same time raise up on my toes. Just as I give the last gasp inward I am at my full height on my tip-toes. I then let my breath out slowly at the same time lowering myself to the floor on my heels. When I have emptied my lungs I am standing flat-footed on the floor. I also forgot to mention that as I breathe inward I raise my hands from my hips so they will touch over my head, and then when I let my breath out I let my hands down at the same time, being sure that everything is uniform, and that I do all these three things at once. I believe this method exercises more muscles and is a quick way to keep in condition. Please criticize this method and tell me exactly what you think of it.

Respectfully yours,

A Reader from the Sea Wall City.

I am very much obliged to you for your letter, and gladly set it before my readers. I have no criticism whatever to offer as to your method of deep breathing. It is excellent, and I have seen it tried and always with benefit. It is a little complicated, and I have given my young friends a simpler way of obtaining the same benefits that you have been wise enough to procure for yourself.

Norfolk, Va., August 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, which I consider the best of its kind that is published, I take liberty in asking a few questions. I am 16 years of age; 5 feet 8 inches tall; weight, 138 pounds; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 34½ inches; neck, 14 inches; waist, 31 inches; calves, 15 inches; wrists, 7 inches. How are these measurements? Do you think a run of say one-half mile before going to bed is good? I am a stenographer, and being confined the better part of my time. I find that my health is not the very best. What exercise would be best for me? Hoping that you will give me a short space in which to answer these questions, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

W. J. C.

Measurements are good, except at your waist-line, where you should work off two inches. The run should finish at least three quarters of an hour before going to bed, as you ought not to turn in with the blood warm and "dancing." I cannot prescribe any especial course for you; you need just the same general all-around exercise—as much of it outdoors as possible—that any other young man does if he hopes to keep in condition.

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